# DAVIDS SLING against great GOLIAH:

Containing diuers notable Treatises, the names whereof follow next after the Epistle to the Reader.

By Edward Hutchins, one of the Prebendaries of New Sarum.

Matth. 26. 41.
*Watch and pray.*

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# To the right Worſhipfull Sir George Calueley knight, High Sheriffe of the County Palantine of Cheſter: increaſe of Worſhip, &c.

THE earth beeing the common Mother and milch-nurſe of all liuing creatures, in due ſeaſon tilled, and diligently manured, yeeldeth a muche more plentiful crop of increaſe, if it might poſſibly be meaſured than euer at the hands of the huſbandman in ſowing time it receiued. A pithie perſwaſion to thankfulnes, and ſuch a notable motiue to dueti-fulnes, as a better, no not the like can be deuiſed or imagined.

The conſideration whereof, Right Worſhipfull, ſinking into mine vnderſtanding, and compared with the-fold curteſies, which continu- iſſued from you, to my no ſmall comfort

and commoditie hath incenſed & ſet me on fire, though not as I would, yet as I could, to ſhew ſome manifeſt ſigne and argument, that I haue your Worſhips goodnes in freſh and dayly memorie: which although I dare not vow to requite, yet will do what I can in ſome reſpect to deſerue.

Vouchſafe therefore, Right Worſhipfull, in the meane time, ſince I haue no pretious mines, to accept and like wel of this my ſimple mite: ſimple I confeſſe in common valuation: but precious, I dare auouch in ſound iudgement and reaſon. A booke it is, which a kinſman of mine not ſo neere as deere vnto me, at my vrgent requeſt beſtowed vpon me in writing, for my priuate vſe, and peculiar exerciſe.

Wherof when I had marked the commoditie, and ſaw that to communicate the ſame vnto the flock of the faithfull, were much better, and more thankſworthie, than to keepe it at home in my cofer impounded as my proper poſſeſſion and portion of my patrimonie: I was won and perſwaded, at the importunate ſuite and inſtance of ſundry my truſtie friends, who vpon circumſpect peruſing of the ſame, gaue it due and deſerued commendation, to conſent and agree *Authore agrè ſerente, & proſus inuito*, that it

it should be published for the common benefit of the multitude.

Very loath I was, I speake my conscience, to offend my kinsman and friend in anie point of presumption: and much more loath, I vtter my secret thought, to greeue anie godly and deuout soule, by determining anie thing, the vse whereof might increase their comfort. But being assaulted, as I was incessantly, with vehement perswasions, & not able with all my fiue wits, to withstand their weakest reason, I became willing to be ordered and ruled, as they by discretion might dispose me in so honest a request.

The same not in writing, Right Worshipfull, as I had it: but in print, as you haue it, being the firstlings of a Cheshire wit, gathered in a famous seedeplot of great learning & profound knowledge, I present vnto you with such submission as beseemeth an inferiour to his superiour, a client to his patrone, a welwiller to his benefactor.

Beseeching you, of your accustomed courtesie, that as you haue from time to time beene, not onely an earnest fauourer, and furtherer of godly and zealous men, but also a supporter and maintainer of vertuous and Christian meanings: so it would please you, with your title of credit and countenance, as with a shield

to defend this religious worke, againſt the darts of the malicious: that vnderpropped with ſo ſtrong a piller, and armed with ſuch furniture of munition and defence, it may haue ſafe conduct and free paſſage, euen through the midſt of Gods enimies, and ſo come to the hands of the well diſpoſed and deuout.

Thus abruptly concluding, I commit your worſhip, and al yours, to the tuition and ſafegard of him, who neuer fayleth his, the Lord God Almighty, who as hitherto he hath, ſo hereafter he will, euen till the day of your death, I doubt not bleſſe you with the deaw of heauen, I meane his grace: whereunto I ſay, Amen.

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*Your Worſhips*
*for ſundrie cauſes*
*moſt dutifully bound,*

WILLIAM BAKER.

# The Epistle to the *Reader.*

OVr aduersarie the deuel is so watchfull a Lyon to deuoure man, that (as Peter speaketh) he roreth and runneth about seeking by al meanes possible to deuoure him. This his greedinesse to swallow vs ought to be a sufficient motiue to make man marie, and a forceable meane to raise him out of the dangerous bed of sinne: wherein we dayly, yea, and almost hourely commit spirituall fornication with the diuell.

Besides this, at Baptisme our sureties in our behalfe did make their protestation before God the Father, and mother Ierusalem, that we should leaue the whorish embracing of Satan, and marie our selues in holines of life vnto Christ: no lesse carefully than he in the vertue of the couenant mercifully did offer himselfe, with all his precious iewels at baptisme.

This mariage was solemnely celebrated by God the father, in the wombe of the Virgine

Marie: but at Baptisme, we in our owne persons doe as it were ratifie it: protesting that Christ shall be our husband, and that from that time we will take our farewell of the deuel, the world, the flesh, and all our enimies.

Thus being marr ed before such witnesses, we cannot reclaime our league of chastitie, vnles we will haue God himselfe, and our mother the Church, and Christ himselfe with al his holy espouses to beare witnes of condemnation against vs, to the ioy of Satan our capitall aduersarie.

And therefore, where the deuell is called a dragon with seuen heads for his subtiltie: and ten hornes for his cruelties: and man is dust and ashes by nature prone to euil, and therefore vnable to withstand him: it behoueth him to take that for his weapon which may keepe him safe from the inuasion of Satan, and vse that remedy, whereby he may preserue himselfe from periury, and that is prayer.

Wherefore, when man is enuironed with enemies, when a guiltie conscience warreth against him, when the world by falshood, and the flesh by hir allurements is about to deceiue him: then it standeth him vpon to take prayer in hand, that he may be able to conquer al those monstrous Hydras, or rather deceitfull whores, which trim and furnish themselues some way or other, to make Christ our Sauiour a widow.

And truely, if that man would deepely consider with himselfe, either that he is a perui-

red

red person that giueth place to the diuell: or that he doth to his power make Christ a weeping widow, as cursed Ierusalem did: or that Satan by trapping him in his whoorish trickes did vtterly vndoo him: it would not onely inuite him, but euen enforce him to prayer, which is the onely meane, that is able to keepe vs true and faithfull wiues to Christ Iesus.

And therefore the Lord our gracious Sauiour weighing with himselfe not so much mans naughtines, for the which he deserueth a diuorsement: as Satans wonderous policie, and his mothers wombe wherein he married vs, and baptisme, wherein he doth apparell vs with his righteousnes, as glorious brides, least that we should plaie the harlets to our owne harme, whom he had bought with his precious blood, he willeth, and as it were beseecheth vs, to take prayer, and so to take assistance, that we may liue chast from all sin, euen his for euer.

Come vnto me, saith he, all ye that are heavy and laden, and I will refresh you. Behold, notwithstanding our diuers and sundrie fornications committed with Satan: yet the Lord our gracious husband calleth vs vnto him, as not willing to diuorse vs: and inuiteth vs to prayer, that knowing and acknowledging our owne weakenes to withstand the whoorish entisements of the diuell, we may desire him our head to helpe and assist vs.

And truly, as for prayer, we ought so much the more readily to vse it, because by it we

pearse the heauens, because by it we come into the Groomes Chamber, and flee as with wings into the lap of our louing husband Iesus. And what honest wife would not flie to her husband, when an harlot seeketh to abuse her?

Sith therefore Satan euen from the wombe by harlotish trippings seeketh to withdraw vs from so louing an Husband as Christ Iesus, who shed his owne precious heart bloud to redeeme vs: then, whensoeuer he attempteth to trap vs, it shall be our best safetie to leape into his wounds, and to run into his bosome by faith full prayer, that being maried to him in the vertue of the covenant, we may continue chast to the end.

Otherwise, if being tempted we suffer him to ouertempt vs: we show our selues not onely despisers of his bloud, but also prophaners of so holy a mariage, which was kept by the blessed Trinitie, in the wombe of the Virgine Marie.

And with what face shall we present our selues before so louing an Husband as Iesus Christ, at the day of iudgement, if that we yeeld here to the entising Deuell, and do not by continuall and hearty prayer aske assistance, that we may continue as chast wiues, to liue with him in ioy for euer.

Wherefore, where Christ our husband cryeth, Come: if we will be counted his wiues, and nowhores, let vs without lingring, alwayes repaire vnto him in faithfull prayer, and let vs talke

talke with him in his glorious chamber, and beseech him, as he is a louing husband, that he will take pitie vpon vs, and bestow vpon vs the gift of spirituall chastitie, that so we may be defended from the whoorish Pharao, who goeth about by all meanes to make him a desolate Widow.

But if man be stricken downe with the law, and the temptation of his vnworthines withdraw him from presenting his prayers to the maiestie of God: then must he consider the cursed Canaanite, who being a curdog, by the testimonie of Christ, yet making her appeale vnto him, found some crums of comfort at his hands, and so was exalted to the childrens table: looke vpon this example, and let this suffice. The vse of the booke I commit to thy discretion, to applie the same vnto thy soule, for the succour of the same in necessitie, and to thy body, as occasion is ministred.

Farewell in Christ.

EDVVARD HVTCHINS, one of the Prebendaries of New Sarum.

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NAMES AND NVMber of the Treatises comprised in this booke: and where they are to bee found by the page.


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# DAVIDS SLING
## against great *Goliah.*

### The 1. Morning *Prayer.*

Moſte Gracious GOD the Father of all happines, and fountain of al goodnes, O welſpring of mercie, that art wont beyond merit to diſplay the banners of thy fauour, and vnlocke the cloſet of thy benefits, not onely to the needie Adamite, but generally to all: I am a curſed Canaanite, euen

euen a dog vnworthie to ſit at the table of thy children, or to wait for the crums and offskum of their meat, O Lord. But notwithſtanding all this, my Lord and my God, I hope thou wilt not whip me out of thy houſe, but of a dog make me thy child by adoption in thy Son Chriſt, who came into this thornie world like a morning ſtarre, to guide all ſtraying dogges to their maſters palace. The woman of Canaan, ſhe confeſſed her ſelfe a dog, Paul was a Saul ſuch a cur dog as ſought by his teeth to teare the Lambes of thy paſture, O Lord: both theſe dogs did wander in the night of errour, and ſtraie from thee their maſter, to Satan thine enemie,

enemie, and their aduersarie. But thy Son, mine onely ioy, of meere mercie became a ſtar to conduct them again vnto thee: and ſo I truſt thou wilt deale with me, O God of comfort, and father of mercie. I do not doubt, but that as I wander in the field of vanitie, ſo thou wilt recall me by the light of thy Goſpell, by the beames of thy ſun to thine houſe, there to dwel with thee for euer, Amen.

## The 2. Morning prayer.

WHat is this world, O lord? it is euil, it is a palace of vaine pleaſure, a cage of iniquitie, or rather a lumpe

lumpe of miſerie. And what am I Lord? what am I but a friende of this preſent euill world, and an enimie to thee? what am I but a child of wrath, and Son of darknes? ſo glued to ſinne, and lymed with iniquitie, that my bodie is a bodie of ſinne. What then ſhal I do? ſhall the mountaine of ſin oppreſſe me? or the world with the baites of vanitie ſo choake me, that I ſhall neuer like an Egle flie to the carcaſe? nor be able to crie for helpe to thee the onely morning Star, which art woont to ſpread foorth the beames of comfort vnto the needie in time of extremitie? O Lord, giue me wings of faith to flie vnto thee, and powre vpon

vpon me the deaw of thy bleſſing, that I may bud and beare the fruit of holineſſe, through the operation of thy gracious beames. Giue me thy grace that I faile not in my vocation, that I may do good, and eſchew euill, and ſo make good that vow, which I made vnto thee in Baptiſme before beloued Sion. Saue me from falling, and ſtay my feete from ſlipping, by thy holy word, which is the glaſſe of thy will, and a lanterne to all them that walk in darknes, that beeing guided ouer this miſtie world, I may ariue at the land of promiſe and Palace of reſt in a liuely faith, Amen.

*The*

## The 3. Morning prayer.

Wretch that I am, who ſhall deliuer me from this bodie of ſinne? Oh what ſhall I doe? ſhall I ſay with Cain, that mine iniquities are greater than can be remitted? ſhall the miſt of mine iniquities choake me? ſhal the ſurging waues of mounting ſinne drowne me? or ſhall I ſinke in the pit of deſperation? no: I will not. For the Sunne of mercie can diſpearſe the thicke miſt and great cloude of mine iniquitie: the parching beame of thy Sunne, O Lord, is not onely able to calme, but alſo to drie vp the angrie floud of ſinne: and

and so to dash the Ship of Satan that diuellish pirat against the sands. So that no storme of the diuell shall ouertrine me, no raging blast of sinne shall dismay me, no thundercracke of biting conscience shall sinke the little Barke of my weake faith, which is grounded vpon a rocke, and ouercommeth the world. Indeed if I were left to my selfe, then were there no waie but sinking and Shipwracke: but thanks be to thee, O gracious God for it, thou hast not left me to my selfe to wade in the gulfe of desperation: but thou hast spred foorth the beames of thy mercie, and by the heate of thy charitie dryed the gulfe, and kept me from dan-

danger: to thee therefore be al glory, Amen.

## *The 4. Morning Prayer.*

THE glorious face of the Sunne which shewethit self, and casteth his beames ouer the whole world, I take it for an argument and earnest penie of thy good will toward thy Children: in the number of whome I account my selfe, though cheefe of sinners, and not worthy to loose the latchet of thy Sonnes shoo. For if wee enioie such a benefite in this strange countrie together with thine enemies: then what ioyous sights, what store of thy goodnes shall we reape in our na-

naturall countrie, the blisfull land of Canaan, where we shall not see this worldelye Sunne, and eye of the world, but thee, euen thee, good Lord, face to face, the Sunne of glorie, and onely Starre of maiestie? Such ioyes, O Lord, shall we haue in the beholding of thee, as neither eye hath seene, nor eare hath heard, nor heart euer conceiued. Such ioies, I say, as passe the reach, not onely of man, but also of Angels and Archangels to esteeme of. Blessed are the doore-keepers of this house of ioie, where thou, O Lord, the Sunne of righteousnes doost most clearely spreade forth the beames of thy diuine maiestie. Ah! how long shall I liue

liue in prison? how long shall I iourne in this bodie of sinne, before I see thee? Lord, let thy kingdome come. Come Lord Iesus, come I beseech thee, Amen.

## *The 1. Euening Prayer.*

O Lord, it is of mercie, without merite that I am a branch of the Vine Iesus: that I am thy house, and Temple of the holie Ghost. It is of iustice that thou hast appointed thine house to be a place of prayer: and of dutie therefore that we should pray vnto thee. For this, O Lord, I thanke thee, that

that thou hast made mee thy Child to lodge thee, and I acknowledge that of dutie I am bound to serue thee. But giue me, O Lord, the grace of thy Spirit, to conduct mee in the way of thy will, cleanse or create a new hart within me, that I may be a fit lodging for thee, and yeeld vp the sauourie sacrifice vnto thee, which thou requirest of euerie Christian, I meane the sacrifice of prayer, the sacrifice of the heart, which sauoureth sweetely vnto thee. And at this time in hope of the assistance of thy Spirit, I desire thee, that as thou hast of mercie couered me this day vnder thy wings of safetie: so thou wilt defend and keepe me this night

night from ſtorming Sathan, who is woont, not only by day, but alſo, and that eſpecially by night, to vndermine man, when his ſenſes are fettered in bands of reſt. But I doo hope good Lord, that as I am then moſt vnable to withſtand the buffets of Satan, ſo thou wilt be moſt readie to ſuccour me: partly becauſe thereby thou ſhalt vnlocke the rich Cheſt of thine infinite mercie, and partly becauſe thou loueſt euery thing which thy handes haue made. I will laye me downe therefore, in hope of thy protection, to whom be all glorie,

Amen.

The

## The 2. Euening prayer.

O Moſt mightie and wiſe God, powr into me aboundantly ỳ oile of thy grace, vnfetter my ſtammering tœng, that I may vtter, and vnrip the ſtrings of my blind & want hart, that I may ſufficiently conceiue the infinitenes of thy fauor vnto me. But vvhat ſhould I ſaie of thine infinite goodneſſe, which thou haſt ſhewed vppon me? vvhere ſhall I begin, or where ſhall I end to diſcourſe of thy mercy? I was nothing, and what did mooue thee to make me a man endued vvith reaſon? and why not a tree, a frog, a beaſt?

I am brought to a nonplus, O Lord what ſhall I ſaie? I did diſgrace thy goodnes, and doo deface by my dayly ſinnes the image of innocencie, ſo that I was not onely borne wrapped in damnable eſtate, but alſo dayly incur the danger of damnation: and yet doeſt thou vnderprop me in the promiſed ſeede, in that bleſſed ſeede of Abraham, euen thine owne and one onely beloued ſonne Ieſus Chriſt, by whome thou haſt redeemed me. My bodie and ſoule were maruellouſly eclipſed for want of grace, and are dayly filthied in the puddle of iniquitie, the reward whereof was death. But what mooued thee, I being a caſt away, euen thine

thine vtter enemie to waſh and bath me in the ſtreame of thy Sons precious bloud ? I cannot tel, good Lord, it was thy mercie : to thee therefore bee the glory both now and euer, Amē.

## *The 3. Euening prayer.*

Good God, the Sunne is gone down, the web of this daie is ſpun almoſt, & night is at hand. After day ſucceedeth night, after light darkenes, after faire weather a cloudie firmament and frowning element. There is a myſterie locked in this, good God ; for thereby thou doeſt leſſon vs of our mortalitie. Our birth and

life is like the daye : our death is like the night: as the day perisheth, so dooth our life vanish vvith the vapour: and as night succeedeth the daie, so death followeth life, the tearm and period of these our daies. O sweet Iesus of thy mercie beat this lesson into my head, and root it firmely into my heart, and take away the vaile from my mind, that I may not onely know and acknowledge, but hourely remember that I am mortall. For it would be a bridle to restrain and keepe me from raunging licentiously, and a spur to incite me to liue holyly all the continuance of this my pilgrimage. Thy spirit hath spoken it, saying: Remember thine end, and thou shalt

ſhalt neuer periſh. Giue me therefore thy grace that I maie remember faithfully the night of this my body, when I ſhal ſleep in the boſome of the earth, till the trumpet ſhall ſound and cal me to iudgment. Help me Lord before this night. Lord ſaue me or elſe I periſh, Amen.

## *The 4. Euening prayer.*

O Louing Lorde of labouring and laden hearts, looke downe with the eye of thy pitie, ſee the altar of the Croſſe, where thy Sonne, thine onely beloued B be is ſlaughtered. Behold, O father of heauen his hands and feete

bored, his head crowned with thornes, his thirſt quenched with vineger, his ſide vvounded and ſtreaming bloud; attend deere Father, the crie of his bloudie ſweate, his long faſting, his great patience, his bodie racked and crucified, all crie vnto thee for mercie, for mercie: father, O father fauour and pardon him. This is the trumpetor of ioy, this is he that bloweth the blaſt of comfort and ſoules ſolace: heare him, heare, O Lord: attend not my life, marke not my ſteps, for my life is vnſauoury, and my ſteps are crooked; let the crie of thy bleeding Babe mooue thee to mercie, and put thee in mind of thy couenant, that in him all the

the nations of the world ſhould be bleſſed. Bleſſe me, O Lord, better me with the deaw of thy bleſſings, and let the drops of thy Sonnes bloud by a liuely faith diſtill into my heart, and fructifie it with workes woorthie repentance, I beſeech thee, Amen.

*A prayer for al times against the power of Satan.*

THe diuell, O Lord, like a roaring Lion, runneth about in euerie corner, he lurketh, and euer he gapeth to deuour the Lambes of thy paſture. He is an enemie not onely readie to deuour vs, but al-

ſo able to catch vs in the ſnare of iniquitie, againſt thy diuine maieſty. For daily do we eate the ſower grape of nature, and ſauor of vnſeaſoned and rotten Adam, in whoſe ſinfull act wee are wrapped by deſert in condemnation, and become bond-ſlaues of Satan, vnleſſe thou, O Lord, do ſeaſon our hearts with the Oile of thy grace, and waſh vs in the water of thy mercie, that being cleanſed from ſinne, and made as white as ſnow with the merits of thy Son, the diuell may looſe his title, and forget his obligation that he had againſt vs, and we be quitted from his tyranny. We beſeech thee therfore, O gracious father of Heauen, with thy power to bridle Sa-

Satan, and in thy mercy to beare with vs, with thy might to maister him, & in thy grace to graffe vs in Iesus the liuely vine of mercie, that growing in him, no storme may be able to tosse and ouerturne vs, we beseech thee, Amen.

*Another.*

DAyly, O LORD, do we passe the limits of thy wil: we sinne at the least seuen times a day and pledge mother Eue in the dregs of nature. This is the frailtie of the flesh, and this is the weaknes of all Adams issiue: a miserable case, O Lord, vnles in thy mercie thou wilt wrap vs & couer the nakednes of nature with the white raiment of grace

that we being thine maie neuer deſpaire for anie brunt of ſtorming Satan, be it neuer ſo perillous. Lord ſaue vs, in thy mercie ſaue vs, haue pittie and compaſſion vpon vs, and marke not our ſteps, which are crooked, but caſt the eie of thy fauour vpon thy Sonne Chriſt, who was content to ſuffer the bleeding paines of the Croſſe to ſatiſfie thy wrath, and to deliuer vs from the ſtinge of an hellie conſcience. We beſeech thee therefore, O louing Lord, not to obſerue our iniquities, but to waſh vs from the guiltines of ſinne in the flood of thy mercies, and ſo to ſaue vs, that being dead in iniquitie, and yet ſaued of thine infinite pittie,

tie, we may giue all glorie vnto thee, and ſing with our mother the Church, that ſaluation only belongeth to thee, Amen.

## *A prayer for all afflicted Chriſtians.*

GReat are the troubles of the righteous, O Lord, and manie they bee that ariſe againſt thee and thine annointed, like wolues to teare them, and butchering Herods to behead and diſpatch them. Euen for thy ſake, O Lord, are thy children brought to the ſlaughterhouſe, for the teſtimonie of thy trueth are they tied in bands, and beaten with wandes daylie. Vp Lord, ariſe and

and ſtrike thine enemies vppon the cheeke bone, lift vp thy rod of iron, and daſh the vnſauourie and ſower veſſels of iniquitie in peeces, with thy fanne ſcatter the chaffe, and gather thou thy corne into the garner of ioy, let it be beaten, but let it not be broozed with the threſhold of this tyrannous VVolfe, that being freed from the chaffe of nature, & ſeuered from the cockle of euil and wicked liuers, it may be found with the loſt groat, & laide vp in thy treaſure of eternall pleaſure for euer. Do thy good wil, O gracious God, beat them, beat them and buffet vs ſharpely, O Lord, ſo thou ſaue vs of thy mercy, and plucke vs out of danger by the hand of thy

thy mighty power, prop vs with thy power, that we may magnifie thee of thy mercy, Amen.

## *Another.*

THe mountains of this wicked world are manie and mighty, O Lord, and little is the flocke of thy sheepe. The mountaines are euen parched with fury against thy congregation, to presse with the weight of their tyrannie the babes of thy familie. Awake vp therefore, O Lord, sleepe not, slumber not, but awake and defeat their imagined mischief, as thou hast promised, that they that trust in thee shal be as mõũt Sion, which cãnot be remoued. Suffer them to beate

beat vs, that we might liue godly in thee: but so let them buffet vs, that they neuer ouermaster vs, that according to thy promise, as mount Sion we may not be mooued. Giue vs grace to trust in thee whatsoeuer betide vs, and neuer to start from thee, whatsoeuer swart we suffer, that continuing to the end we maie be blessed with thee for euer. And for the mountaines of this world, either euen them with the valley and babes of thy family, or else pare and parch them with the beames of thy iudgment. Thy wil be doon, O Lord, thy kingdom come, and saue vs we beseech thee, Amen.

*A prayer for the Queene.*

O Louing God, we thanke thee for the great care, vvhich thou haſt ouer thy Church. Shee hath beene toſſed vvith the vvaues of this vvorld, and the preaching of thy vvorde did ſuffer ſhipwracke: but now O Lord, now of meere mercie thou haſt repaired the broken hart of Ieruſalem, and gladdened our harts with the wine of comfort. For thou haſt appointed a mother ouer Sion, to cheriſh and defend her from all her ſtorming aduerſaries: ſo that by hir meanes we are freed from the ſlauerie of the Romiſh

miſh Pharao, and ſalued from the ſore of hereſies, wherewith thy deare ſpouſe was moſt greeuouſly troubled. O Lord, continue this weede-hooke in her hand, that ſhe may throughly cleanſe thy garden. Let thy will & gracious pleaſure be hir ſceptre and targer againſt the frowning band of cloudy Saules. Alwaies erect and pitch about hir the tents of thy fauour, that no euil betide hir, or danger annoy hir. Clip hir in thy ſweet armes, and kiſſe her in mercie, and be not thou angrie with her, but continue her a fauourable nurſe to little Dauid, that he may grow in all faith and holyneſſe, vntill he be a perfect man in Chriſt Ieſus. Lord ſaue her in thy

thy mercy, and deliuer hir from all euill, Amen.

## *A prayer for all Magistrates.*

CRooked is the way of al flesh, O father of heauen, and ouer plẽtious wold the Haruest of vveedie nature be, vnles it were lopped and minished by the weede-hooke of thy Magistrates, whom thou hast appointed as Gods vnder thee to keepe thy garden clean from all noisome and stinking hearbs. Cleanse them, O Lord, and plant a new Spirit within them, that aboue all things fauouring thy Gospell, they may bend all their endeuours to the che-

cherishing of thy holy Church and maintenance of the truth, without the which no man shal liue and see thee. Giue them grace to labour diligently in thy Vineyard, to mow downe the harueſt of sinne, and neither for feare or flatterie to start backe from their duetie: but without all discouragement to vse thy vvill as an Axe, to cut downe the roote that vvithereth, and beareth nothing but a perished stocke and barren branches: that the dead boughs of iniquitie being broken off, the branches of thy Sonne Iesus may without let or hinderance spread foorth the sweete leaues of thy sauourie grace, and beare in hart the fruites of thankef-

thanksgiuing, which is pleasant and acceptable in thy sight, Amen.

## *A generall confession of sinnes.*

FAther ADAM, O LORDE, gaue the first onset, and none of vs his Children haue broken the arraie. The serpent counselled, Eue gaue the apple to Adam, and so both sinned against thy diuine Maiestie. As for vs the naturall branches of this rotten stocke, one of the same stampe shall speake: We are borne in sinne, and conceiued in iniquitie, so that we be damned by merit, before we be borne. But yet, O Lord,

Lorde vve confeſſe it, to our comfort and thy glorie, that thou haſt concluded all vnder ſinne, that thou mighteſt haue mercie on all, and all glorie be giuen to thee. We confeſſe our ſelues loſt, vve are loſt groates, and loſt ſheepe: but this is the ſole ioie of our hearts, that thy Son came to ſeeke and to ſaue that was loſt. So that though we be loſt in our ſelues, yet we are found in thy Sonne, who came into this world to ſaue ſinners. This is thy vndeſerued goodnes, O Lord, to loue thine enemies, to ſaue vs that haue euen from the wombe rebelled againſt thy diuine Maieſtie, euen before we were borne to ſaue vs, by the death of thine onely

only begotten ſon,& to prepare a ioious kingdom for vs before the beginning of the worlde. Therfore,O Lord,what ſhal we crie but ſhame, ſhame vpon vs, an axe to the root,& an axe to vs al the withered branches of rotten Adam by deſert. For glorie and power, dominion and maieſty,ſaluation and mercy is only thine and of thee:of the which mercy ſaue vs we beſeech thee, Amen.

*Another.*

WE are all publicans, O Lord: open the eares of thy fauour vnto our crie, and haue mercie vppon vs, haue mercie vpon vs. We ſinne dayly, but yet ſaue vs of thy pitie, ſaue

ſaue vs, Oh ſaue vs, and ſhew thy compaſſion vpon vs. Let vs not die a Iudas death, let vs neuer tune the dolefull ſong of Cain: but ingraue in our heart, a ful and liuely faith in thee, that neuer doubting of thy bountious mercie, vve may vvith a free conſcience ſet Satan at defyance, and all his helliſh band. Pitifull Ieſu, heare this our crie, and fence vs vvith thy grace againſt the gaping diuell, who roreth of crueltie, and lurketh in euerie corner of malicious ſubtiltie, to trappe and to ſnare, to take and teare vs with the clavves of his furie and mercileſſe enuie. Fence vs vvith faith againſt him, O Lord, lay the plaiſter of comfort

fort to our wounded conſcien-ces, and couer vs with the wings of thy fauour, that we may liue and die in thee and ſo be bleſſed Amen.

*A prayer for humilitie.*

IT is thine ovvne Leſſon, O Sauiour Ieſus: Be humble and meeke as I am: it is thy word alſo: My ſheepe heare my voice. But Lord, what ſhall I doe? the fleſh is proude, I dayly rebell againſt thy holy will, I enuie my ſuperiours, I loue not mine equals, I deſpiſe mine inferiours. This is the fruit of the fleſh, O Lord, death, death: but thou art loue and

and life, O louing Iesus. And therefore I beseech thee of thy tender loue to pitie me, to endue me with the spirit of humblenes, that being poore in Spirit, I may with the little ones of thy kingdome be blessed and liue for euer. O Lord, for the auoidance of pride, giue me thy grace to consider, that by it an Angell became a Diuell, and man vvas excommunicate from the Paradice of pleasure. Desire of soueraignetie begate the diuel, sinne, death and damnation: so that out of it, as a most filthie puddle issued a whole Sea of mischeefe and miserie. Of this cup of pride father Adam dranke, when by his disobedience he lost thy fauour

fauour, and by the taſt of an apple thought to be thy comate in knowing of good and euill. Giue me thy grace not onely to conſider this, but alſo fully to digeſt it, that deteſting it as a venemous viper, I may in humblenes of hart ſerue thee holily and ſoundely without hypocriſie, who art a patterne of lowlines, and a mirror of humilitie, continually to be looked vppon, and truly to be followed. O life, and louer of ſoules, giue me grace alwaies to heare, and hearing thy word to follow thee, Amen.

*Another for charitie.*

O Infinite Charitie, thou Son of God, to whome the father hath ſurren-

dred all power in heauen and earth: I haue offended thee moſt greeuouſly, & indangered my ſelfe deſperately. For charitie, O charitie thou ſhalt iudge the world in equitie, and I haue not charitie biding within me. I loue for gaine, I hate mine enemies, I pray not for them that curſe and ſpeake euill of me, I haue enough of thy benefites, and yet haue I ſpared nothing for Lazarus, and therein I haue ſinned againſt thee, O eternall charitie, and incurred the perill of thy iuſt iudgements. Is there no remedy, O charitie, but muſt iudgment be giuen againſt me? is all thy blood ſpent? are all thy teares drie? haſt thou none to waſh me? Correct me not, O cha-

charitie, in thy iudgement or fu-
rie, neither chastise me in thine
anger, but deale with me accor-
ding to thy wonted mercie. In
charitie, in thy loue vnmerited,
O blessed Charitie haue mercie
vpon me, and quit me from a re-
plying conscience, and the court
of the diuel. For else, O charity,
will mine owne life reclaime a-
gainst me, & craue damnation
for mine vncharitable conuer-
sation. Piteous God therefore,
I beseech thee, for thy bloudie
sweat, in thy bottomles pitie,
drowne my transgressions, ad-
opt me thy brother, and giue me
thy holy Spirits Testimonie, as
a gage and earnest of mine ad-
option, that being freede from
sinne, I may serue thee vvith a

free conſcience, in hope and an vnwauering faith in thy mercies, Amen.

## *A prayer for the mortification of the fleſh.*

O Lord, the Kingdome of the fleſh is verie ſtrong: ſo ſtrong, that I am not able to withſtand it. For in me, that is, in my fleſh, dwelleth no good thing: and ſo infectious is the palſie of the frayle fleſh, that vnles thou, O Lord, doe ſeaſon it, there is no vvaie but to incur the perill of a mortall plague. I beſeech thee therfore, O father of heauen, in the Name of thy Sonne Chriſt, to deliuer me of this terrible reward

ward of ſinne, to qualifie with the ſalt of thy grace our vnſauorie fleſh, and to ſweeten our viperous and vile nature with the Oile of thy ſpirit, that fighting manfullie vnder our Captaine Michael againſt the Dragon, vve maie not onely vvage battell or ſubdue, but alſo crucifie the old man, hand, foote, head, hart, euen the whole Kingdome of Satan the prince of vtter darknes; that the diuel being battered downe, and the old Adam driuen out of our hearts, we may offer vppe our bodies as liuely ſacrifices vnto thee, without anie ſent of ſlinking nature. For this, O Lord, is acceptable in thy ſight, that being tranſformed into thee

in newnes of life, we may be fit temples for thy holy Spirite, to dwel and abide in. Mortify therfore the flaming flesh, O Lord, and appease the waues of our wanton nature, that we may be euē as thou willest; holy as thou art holy, Amen.

*Another.*

WHat shall I doe, O gracious God? for I am borne of flesh, the very affection whereof is death. Shal I die? shal the frame of thy hands be destroied? no, Lord. For thy mercies sake remember thy promise: Aske and haue. I aske, O Lord, I aske: mercy do I aske, I desire thee in the bowels of thy Son Christ to regenerate me a spirituall man, that being

being borne anewe, not of flesh, nor of bloud, nor of the will of man, but of thy Spirite, by the power of thy word, I may be consecrate a priest vnto thee. O Lord, and louer of holines, guide me in the way of thy will, that I wander not in vanitie, which thou abhorrest and canst not abide. Thou hatest sinne and all the workers of iniquitie: and vnles we repent, as Father Baptist said, we shall all for our sinnes suffer the rodde of thy iustice. Giue me therefore the sword of thy Spirite, that I may cut off the eare of Malchus, and then be healed by the plaister of Grace. Apparell me with thy heauenly trueth, and arme me with thy

holy word, that in time of combate I may be able to cut off the desperate assaults of the sinfull flesh: Amen, O Lord, Amen, I say vnto the words: Aske and thou shalt haue. In mercie performe thy promise, O eternall veritie, and giue me grace not to doubt thereof, Amen.

## *A prayer for the obtaining of grace.*

O Lorde, I am thy sheepe, thy hands haue facioned me: a lost sheepe I am, that haue vvandered past thy Pasture of thy vvill, into the broad field of vanitie. As thou hast framed me therefore of thy

thy goodnes, ſo recall me from ſtraying by the voice of thy mercie. Giue mee grace to heare thee, hearing to come vnto thee, comming to follow thee, and following thee the waie to heauen, and doore of glorie, euer to beare about me the pearle of grace, and neuer to decline from the rule of thy vvill. Keepe me from the pit of ſinne, vnderprop me from falling into the ditch of iniquitie, by the hand of thy fauour, and fence me with grace, the buckler of thy mercie, that I maie defeate Satans vvilineſſe, and repell the blowes of frowning ſin and a cloudie conſcience. O Lord, let grace through the pipe or chanell of thy mercie

diſtil into the veſſel of my barren hart, that being moiſtened with the deaw of thy gracious bleſſings, and ſoftened with the ſpirit of thy goodnes, I may lodge thee the bleſſed Trinitie linked in an indiſſoluble knot of vnitie, to the reparation of the image of grace, and recouery of diſgraced nature, Amen.

*Another.*

IT is thy gracious wil, O God of mercy, that all men ſhould be ſaued. It is not thy wil, O piteous Ieſu, that any ſheepe of thy Paſture ſhould be deuoured, or anie Creature periſh, which thou of thy goodnes haſt framed. And therefore, O louer of man, and loue it ſelfe, I a poore vvretched ſinner, that haue

haue a long time paſtured in the broade vvaie of iniquitie, yet hearing thee continually, and that of mercie calling: Come vnto me, do come vnto thee for grace and mercie againſt merited condemnation. Grace Lord, grace is all my ſuit. For I am a plaine caſtaway: and by thouſands more wretched than the crawling VVorme of the earth, vnles thou bedecke mee vvith the garment of Grace, and marrie me in thy mercies promiſed to the houſe of Dauid. Lap me therefore, O Father of Heauen, in thy white raiment, and apparell my nakednes vvith the vvouen coate of thy grace, that Satan finding no ſeame in my wedding gar-

garment, may not be able in anie respect to rip vp my faultes before thee at the day of thy visitation. This do, O gracious Iesu, clip me in thy sweete armes, and bow downe thy head to kisse me in mercy, and be not angry for my sins, but drowne them in thy precious blood, for thine owne sake I beseech thee, Amen.

*A prayer for patience in affliction.*

O Fountaine of comfort, O streamie Welspring of vndeserued mercie: behold most gracious GOD and louing Father, I beseech thee me thy poore creature. Behold

Behold Lord, I am a worme and no man: the buls of Basan impale me round about, the diuel like an hungry Lyon roreth and gapeth to dispatch me, and the flesh like a venemous Viper seeketh to stinge me. Good God behold, behold me, and fortifie thy seruaunt, thine owne handie vvorke, against the stormy blasts of the enimie. Patience, patience, O Lord: adorne me vvith patience, and seale vp in my heart the remission of my sinnes, by the testimonie of thy holy Spirite, that being holden vp by the anchor of a liuely hope in thy sufficient merites, I may be able to indure the end of this my combat, which vnder thy banners

banners I pretently do sustain. Most mightie Michael, fence thy child against the traiterous rebels of this world, which doo nothing else but dismember the Babes of thy familie, and prophane thy precious passion. Be thou vpon my side, that no enemy may preuaile against mee: Lord in thee haue I trusted, let me neuer be confounded, I beseech thee for thine own merits, Amen.

*Another.*

THere is no victorie vvithout fighting, nor anie Crovvne without victorie: giue me therefore power, O Lord, that fighting valiantly, I maie bee crovvned gloriouslie in Heauen, with thee to liue for euer.

euer. Minister strength vnto me, that I maie ouermaister mine enemies, and giue me the Spirit of patience, that continuing to the end, I may be found and taken as a faithfull Souldiour of thy Sonne Iesus, and so be blessed. Let me not faint in feare, but let me fight in a liuely faith, which ouermatcheth the vvhole vvorld. Plant me a naturall branch by the power of thy vvord, in the vine Iesus; and make me able to endure euerie cracke. Let no canker of sinne eate me, let no worme of a burnt conscience gnaw me, let no blast of the world ouerturne me: but staie me vp vvith thy mightie hand, and be euer at mine elbow,

bow, that I may be crowned, though I be crossed, and saued though nowe sowsed in extreame tyrannie. In this is all my hope: for surelie of my selfe I am but a vapour, a worme: I am borne of a vvoman in sin, a sinful child by nature, and to my power wage battel with Satan against my selfe, to mine vtter vndoing, O Lord, vnles thou regenerate me and assist me with thy spirit, to mine ability alwaies to resist the diuel: which do, O gracious God, I beseech thee, Amen.

*A prayer in time of persecution.*

O Lord, vvhither shall I flie? or to whome shall I goe? I am in Peters ship,

ſhip, the winds rage and blow, the Seas riſe and roare, the ſurging and angrie vvaues daſh againſt the ſhip. Oh, what ſhall I doe? for thou art aſleepe, O Ieſus: O maſter ariſe, or elſe I periſh, Pharao is at my heeles, the redde Sea before my face: how ſhall I eſcape? vvhither ſhall I flie? O gracious Lord, make me a vvaie through the ſea before I periſh: and drowne Pharao my deadly Saul vvith all his companie. Remember thy couenant, O God of trueth, that thou wouldeſt be with me, and all thy tender chickens, to the end of the vvorld, to couer and ſaue me and them from the roaring Lyon, vnder the wings of thy mercie. This is the wing

that

that holdeth me vp in the ayre of comfort, that I may flie like an Eagle aloft to the carcase in time of neceſſitie. Lodge me, O Lord, in the boſome of comfort, and imbrace me betweene thine armes in ſafetie, that thou being with me, no man may preuaile againſt me: no not the Dragon with his Angels, whome thou the true Michael didſt not onely incounter with, but alſo ouermatch in heauen, as a valiant Captaine: that I truſting in thee, and faithfully fighting vnder thy banners, may not deſpaire of the Conqueſt. Lord and gracious Captaine, giue vnto me ſtrength to abide valiantly all bruntes of this world, and neuer to ſhrinke from

from thee with fainting Peter, Amen.

*Another.*

O Gracious God, look down vpon me with the eye of thy mercie: For I am paled about vvith miserie, and compassed with waters of persecution. Assist me, O Lord, with thy holy Spirit against the furie of the enemie, that I neuer fearing the tossing or butchering of this mine earthly Tabernacle, maie euer for the tearme of my dayes feare and kisse thee, least thou be angrie with me, who art able and maiest of thy iustice, not onely destroy this my bodie, but also cast my soule into the pitte of hell. Giue me grace that I may pre-

preſent my ſelfe boldly before fleering Herod: being perſwaded of thy diuine prouidence, that thou vvilt neuer forſake me, but be vvith me, during this my Pilgrimage. I am better than a pennie-woorth Sparrow, O Lord, vvho cannot die vvithout thy vvill and pleaſure. Gard me therefore vvith the Spirit of boldnes, that being aſcerteined of thy mercie, I may without feare confeſſe thee before men, and ſo be confeſſed againe before thine Angels in heauen. Let no ſmart of miſerie diſmaie me, let no thornie Saul diſcourage mee in the race of my profeſſion, let no ſparkes of crueltie, or ſmoke of biting tyrannie choake the con-

feſſion

session of thee; but pitch about me the tents of thy grace, that being vnderpropped I fall not from thee: do this, O Lord, for thy names sake, Amen.

## *A prayer against the enemies of the trueth.*

O Lord and gracious GOD, looke vpon the face of thy Churche: Iudas doth kisse her, and all to betraie her, or rather make hauocke of her. Behold Lord, the Tares haue almost choked thy corne, and the cockle-sower looketh for a plenteous harueſt. Thou seeſt this, O Lord, thou seeſt it: awake therefore, and take thy Fanne in thy hand, to diuide thy corne

Corne from the chaffe. Gather thy Corne into thy garner, and vvith a blaſte of thy mouthe ſcatter the chaffe. Purge thy Garden, O Lord, let no weede grow among thy Lillies, let no thorne hedge in thy ſauourie Roſe, but fil thy Church with the grace of thy Spirite, leaſt being the faireſt of all women, ſhe touch the pitch, and ſo be defiled. Burne vp the leuened and ſowre dough of iniquitie: but ſpecially of hereſie, which the Cockle-prophets ſeeke to bake, that wee may not onely eate it, but alſo digeſt it, to the great eclipſe of thy vvord, and our owne damnation. O Lord conuert them, or elſe reſtraine them vvith the bridle of thy iudge-

iudgment. Father forgiue them if it be thy wil, or elſe mow them down like hay, and let them wither with the graſſe. If Iudas wil continue in his trechery, or Iulyan in his apoſtaſie, if the wandering ſheep will not heare the voice of thee hir ſhepheard, but ſtil wander in the deſert of wickednes, giue hir to the mouth of the Lyon, O Lord, leaſt turning to thy little flocke, ſhe corrupt the reſt. Grant this for thine own name ſake, Amen.

*Another.*

IT is thine owne Leſſon, O Lord: Take heed of the leuen of the Phariſies, becauſe it ſowreth and corrupteth the marow of true religion. O Lord, thou

thou knowest it, and I acknowledge it, that I am a sprigge of withered nature, a dead branch of the rotten stocke of Adam: what shall I say? a natural man I am, so blinded vvith the mist of ignorance, and ouershadowed with the cloud of blindnes, that I cannot do well, or will well, no not thinke well: so vnable I am to aspire to the knowledge of thy reuealed Gospell. And how can I then, O Lord, take heede of leuened doctrine, who am altogether leuened and bent to the vvorse by force of nature? O louing Iesus, thou art the eye of the faithfull, thou art wisedome it selfe to defeate Satans wilines, the Sunne of righteousnesse to con-

consume the grosse vapours of ignorance, which drowneth our vnderstanding: so that thou art the only Starre which shewest vs the deepe dungeons of heresies: and the only touch stone by which we may discerne good dough and sowred leuen, that we may beware of them both. Endew me therfore with knowledge from aboue, that I prouing the spirits wherof they are, may onely cleaue to thy holie will, O gracious God, to whom be all glory, Amen.

*A prayer for the sicke.*

O Deere father, looke vpō me with ỹ eye of thy mercifull pity

and pitifull mercie: behold, I am thy handie vvorke, a poore Creature of thine, I thanke thee for my former health, and I thanke thee alſo for this thy viſitation, vvhich I take as a fatherlie correction. For I haue ſwarued from the pathes of thy commaundementes, and in my life renounced my vovve at Baptiſme made vnto thee before thy Church, and therefore leaſt as the vvitleſſe ſheepe I ſhould ſtraie, and ſo fall into the mouth of Satan, I take this thy viſitation as thy voice, or a Sermon of thy grace, whereby thou crieſt: Come vnto me, O gracious Ieſu, this is thy vvonted goodnes towards the children of men. I am but duſt and aſhes,

aſhes, no better than a worme, a ſtained clout, no better than a ſhadow, a vapour or bubble in the vvater: a verie vvretch I am, good Lord, borne in ſinne, by nature vvrapt in iniquitie, and ſo thine vtter enimie, worthie to periſh euerlaſtinglie. But ſee thine owne goodnes, ſweete Lord: thine hands formed me being nothing: thy mercie hath preſerued me till this daie, being naught. And euen now, ſweete Ieſu, thou haſt ſent thy Purſeuant ſicknes to bid me put off the old man, and put on the garment of faith, that I being readie for the mariage, may come and marrie thee in the couenant of thy father, wherein all the nations of

the world by promise are blessed, Amen.

*Another.*

LOuing Iesu, pitifull Iesu, blessed Trinitie haue mercie vppon me. Behold, I am sicke Lord: iustly buffeted for sinne, the Mother of euery mortall infirmitie. Yet Lord, louing Iesu pitie me, pitie my case. Louing Father, purge me with Isop, cleanse me from my secret sinnes, drie vp the puddle of iniquity with the beames of thy mercy, and cleanse me in the poole of thy precious blood, that this sicknes and infirmitie, the iust reward and penaltie of sin and iniquitie may cease and finish. Beat me, O God, O gracious God, O Father of heauen, beate

beate me in fauour, and not in iudgement: kiſſe me with the couenant of grace, and be not angrie vvith me. O louing Ieſu, full of pitie and pitious compaſſion, I would be cleane: and if thou wilt, Lord thou canſt make me cleane. Behold Lord, I am ſicke, the palſie of ſinne ſhaketh euerie part, the leproſie of mine iniquitie hath ouerrun all my ſoule and bodie: but yet, good Lord, and gracious Ieſus, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me cleane. For thou art my Father Almightie, vvith whome nothing is impoſſible. Lord I aske thy grace, giue it me: I ſeeke it, let me find it: I knocke for mercie: open, O Lord, the cheſt of thy goodnes,

and enrich me with the iewels of grace, that I may reigne with thee in glory, Amen.

*A confession for the sicke.*

MY thoughtes, my words, my deedes, all crie vnto me: Thou art a sinner. And this doo I confesse vnto thee, O Lord: I cannot so much as thinke a good thought, much lesse can I speake, much lesse can I do well. I confesse that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing: euen so vile a Creature, so vvretched a caitife, that Satan might iustly haue claymed my life in the swathelcloth, being borne the child

child of vvrath and heire of damnation. I am a cankered branch of mother Eue that ancient ſtocke of ſinne, whoſe heritage is nothing but iniquitie garded vvith an infinite Sea of miſerie. For out of ſinne, as out of a filthie puddle or ſtained Fountaine iſſued the riuers of ſicknes, death, and damnation, vvith ſuch a ſtreame, that they ouerranne and drowned the vvhole race of Adams curſed progenie. So that as I confeſſe my ſelfe a ſinner, ſo doe I confeſſe that I am iuſtlie viſited with this rod of ſicknes, wherewith thou art woont of thy iuſtice to beate wanton Adam, that old man of ſinne, when he will not be ruled. Beat me therefore,

fore, beate me, O Lord, to better me: and ſmite me enough, ſo thou ſaue me, as I doo put my truſt in thee. Let Satan haue no power to harme mee, nor the world with the baites of vanitie to ſnare me: but defēd me from al euil, I beſeech thee, Amen.

*Another.*

O Bleeding Ieſus! O ſlaughtered Lambe! O ſweete Babe of the Virgine Mary, and only beloued dearling of God: behold, here I lie ſicke in bodie, and ſore in ſoule, vvhome thou haſt bought with thy precious bloud. Helpe me, ſaue me from ſinne, the Fountaine of ſicknes, O Fountaine of mercy. For I am a greeuous ſinner by nature,

nature tettered vvith iniquitie, vvherein I vvas conceiued and borne. O Ieſu, O Chriſt thou Sonne of Dauid, O gracious Samaritan and pitious ſhepheard haue mercie vppon me: haue mercy vpon me, cal me, cleanſe me, ſaue me, ſalue me with the merit of thy Paſſion, againſt the palſie of ſinne and iniquitie. O Lambe of God, thou haſt taken away the ſinnes of the world, thou haſt crucified the diuell: confirme this fayth in me, louing Lord, I beſeech thee: I beſeech thee increaſe my faith, and renewe a right ſpirit vvithin me. Remember Lord, remember ſweet Ieſus, thy crowne of thornes, and bruzed head, thy boared handes,

nailed feete and crucified bodie. Remember the pearsing speare, thy wounded side, and thy precious blood that did spinne and gush out. Remember thy bloodie teares, thy great thirst of my saluation, and gal & vineger which thou didst drink to saue me, and for thy mercy: saue me, and crie to thy father: Father, father, forgiue him. O Iesu be mine aduocat: pray, pray, sweete Iesus pray for me, and bestow some drop of thy blood to wash me, Amen.

*A prayer against desperation.*

O Lord, I am a greeuous sinner, I haue passed & broken the banks

banks of thy commandements from the vvombe till this daie I haue vvith the pirat Satan sayled in the Ship of iniquitie, so that I maie saie vvith Paul: I am chiefe of all sinners. This must I needes confesse to thee, O God of iustice, & this worme of conscience biteth me. What then, good Lord? shal the worm deuoure me? shall this snake of conscience sting me to death? what good Lord? is the streame of thy mercy stopped? are the riuers of thy grace dried vppe? is there no drop of thy bloud left to vvash my seelie soule? doest thou not cal me? saying: Come vnto me. Yes, good Lord, and therefore despaire I will not. It is not thy will that anie

anie ſinner ſhould periſh: and thou haſt not onely ſaid it, but ſworne it, that thou willeſt not the death of a ſinner, but rather his conuerſion and life.

Behold therefore, deare Father, I come vnto thee being a greeuous ſinner, in hope of pardon in the Name of Chriſt thy Sonne, who by his own teſtimonie came into this world to ſaue ſinners. He was content to blot out that obligation which Satan had againſt me, by the flœd of his precious bloud which iſſued out of his glorious ſide. In this poole he hath waſhed away the leproſie of ſinne, were it neuer ſo deſperate. And in token that he is readie to receiue a ſinner, he ſtretcheth

ſtretcheth forth both his ſweete armes, as readie to embrace, and boweth downe his glorious head, as willing to kiſſe the prodigall Child that craueth pardon for his miſſeſpent daies. O Lord and gracious God, I haue waſted my daies in vanitie, I haue from time to time troden vnder my feet the pearls of Chriſtian profeſſion, euen from the wombe haue I beene a rebellious traitour to thy maieſtie, a friend to this world, to godlines an enimie: but now O Lord, I crie vnto thee: forgiue me, forgiue me. Now I come vnto thee, as thou haſt called me: now therefore couer me with the winges of thy mercy, and tender me as the Henne

Henne doth hir chickens, leaſt Satan claw me, and ſo I periſh. Good Lord accept the blood of thy Son, the merits of his manhood for a ſatiſfaction for my ſins, drowne them in the ſtream of thy mercy, and caſt them behind thee, good Lord, I beſeech thee.

O ſweete Ieſus, lodge me in thy precious wounds, and looke vpon me with thy precious eie, leaſt that be deſtroyed which thou of thy great goodnes haſt made, and Chriſt thy Sonne of ineſtimable loue, and infinite charitie hath redeemed, thorough his bitter paſſion. This is the totall Summe of my ſuite vnto thee Lord: mercie, mercie, O father of mercie: mercie is

is the thing that I begge: haue mercie vpon me, haue mercie vpon me, I beseech thee louing Lord, haue pitie vpon me. Be thou my shepheard to defend me, my Castell of defence to saue me against the gaping diuell. Thou hast store of mercy for them that aske it: O Lord, therefore euen for the wounds of thy deare sonne, haue mercy vpon me, let not sin sting me to death, but lay to my sore soule the salue of thy mercy, one drop of thy sons blood, a little dew of thy blessing, good Lord, I beseech thee, Amen.

*Another.*

O Lord my thoughtes, my vvordes, mine actions, haue

haue taken vveapons and waged battell againſt me: and Satan that old rebellious traitour taketh part with them to ouerthrow me thy poore and impotent Souldiour. He raiſeth vp the ſnake of my conſcience to ſting me, and the poiſon of an euill life to infect me vvith the deſperate plague of Cains blaſphemie: and I am but fleſh, vnable to withſtand the furie of this dragon. Oh what ſhal I do? I am a ſinner, as Satan ſayeth, and my conſcience telleth me, and the reward is death as thy word doth teach me. What then ſhal I do? ſhall I die as Iudas. O Lord? is there no remedie? ſurelie my Lord and my God, I deſpaire in my ſelfe,

ſelfe, and confeſſe my ſelfe the child of wrath by natures voice: but yet, O Lord, it is thy voice, it is the voice of grace, that thy mercie is aboue al thy works: in token whereof thou cameſt into the world to ſaue ſinners. This is the piller that vpholdeth me from falling: this is the rod of iron that daſheth Satan out of coũtenance, & defeateth the arguments of my ſinfull conſcience. Arme me with this buckler of faith in thy meritorious incarnation, life, and paſſion, that I may not bee giuen ouer as a pray to the dragon, but crucifie the ſnakie perſwaſion of Satan and his compa-nie, Amen.

*Another*

*Another.*

AVoide Satan: thou ſhalt not tempt the Lords ſeruant: thy works are deſtroied, thy bandes are broken, thou ſhalt not take or bind me. Auoide ſinne: for thou haſt loſt thy ſting, thou vvaſt condemned in the fleſh, nailed to the Croſſe, and crucified with my Lord Chriſt vpon the tree. Auoide death, for thou art dead: and hell, for thou art ſwallowed vp in victorie. Auoide thou dragon, and all thine angelles, for Michael hath beaten thee, and broken thy head: he hath freed vs from ſinne, and ledde awaie captiuitie captiue: euen hee Satan hath ouermaſtered thee, that crieth out vnto me, Feare not,

not, for I haue ouercome the world: euen he that hath promiſed to be with me till the end of my Pilgrimage, and crieth out: that if he be with me, no man can be againſt me, no not hell gates to preuaile againſt me. Fight therefore Sathan as long as thou vvilt, thou ſhalt be at length put to the foile: for the mighty Lyon of the Tribe of Iuda telleth me, that there is no condemnation to them that be in him, that Ieſus is the conquerour of the vvhole vvorld, and vanquiſher of thee, fight and rage thou neuer ſo much. Therefore auoide I ſaie away from me, for in Chriſt haue I paſſed the Sea of my ſinnes, thy curſed armie:

armie and if thou follow to pursue me, thou shalt be drowned in the red sea of Christs blood, to whom be all glory, Amen.

## *A prayer for the auoidance of Gods wrath.*

O Tender harted Ioseph, haue mercie vppon me. Great is the floud of mine iniquities, so great, O God of mercie, that vnles the banks of thy grace represse it, it will ouerrunne and so drowne my seely soule. Drowne my sinnes in the poole of thy mercie, cast them into the Sea of thy bottomles pitie, least the smoke of my wickednesse do smoother me

me, and the rod of thy iudgement, breake and brooze me like a potters Veſſell. For the bag of mine iniquities is ſo ſtuffed, and the ſting of my ſinnes ſo poiſonous, and the ſent of them ſo vnſauourie in thy noſtrelles, O Lord, that if thou wilt obſerue it, who may abide it? the ſureſt piller of thy Church would ſhake, the faireſt roſe would wither, the beſt lambe ſhould abide the ſlaughter, if the beames of thy mercy ſhould not partch and burne vp the ripe and plenteous harueſt of our iniquities. O Lord, therefore haue mercy vpon vs, and beate vs not with the rod of thy furie, but vnderprop the ſhippe of our weake faith with the

the anchor of thy mercy, that beleeuing in thee, we may not perish, but haue euerlasting life. Thou hast appeased, O sweete Iesus, the wrath of thy father against sin conceiued by thy meritorious passion, that I might with the holy ones be holy as thou art. But I haue prophaned thy passion by my daily faults, such is the frailty of the flesh, for the which I iustly may be refused. But yet Iesus one drop of fauor bestow vpon me and crie: For my bloody passiō father forgiue him I beseech thee, Amen.

*A prayer for remission of sins.*

O Lord, what do I dailye, but vvander in the Fielde of vanitie?

tie? what is my heart but a filthy prison of corrupt thoughts? what is my mouth, but a stinking chanell of vaine wordes? what are my feet, but chariots to bloudshed? vvhat are my hands, but battellers with charitie? what is my head, but a Castell of wicked deuises? and what is my life, but a fardell of iniquitie? I am nothing better than a dead tree, the roote is perished, the bough withered, I am fruitlesse and good for nothing, but for the furie of the flame. What then, good Lord, shall it be so? I am no better than a dead tree, but vvhat? shall I burne, sweete Iesu: O saue me for thy name sake, and quicken me; create a new hart within

within me, ingraffe me in the true Oliue, purge me that I maie bring foorth much fruit, and for euer flourish like a tree planted by the riuers side. O powre the oile of grace into my defiled heart, and season it with the salt of thy mercie, least the fume of mine iniquities ascend vppe to thy nostrels, and prouoke thy furie against me. Powre downe some drops of thy precious bloud from the clouds of thy mercy, to quench out the angrie flame of sinne, which I my selfe am not able to put out by the vertuous water of any merite. Purge me therefore with Isop, O Lord, and then I shall be cleane. O Lambe of God, let me eate thy flesh,

flesh, and drink thy blood, that I may liue by thee, and cloath me in the woll of thy mercy, that no winter of storming sinne do pinch my seely soule. This do, O lord, for thy mercies sake, Amē.

*Another.*

O Lord, like a witles sheepe I wander in the perillous wildernes of sinne: I am lost, O my God, in the field of vanitie, vvhere Satan seeketh to trap and deceiue me vvith the flattering baite of sinfull pleasure. Good Lord leaue thy ninetie nine, and looke for the lost sheepe till thou haue found her. For I am lost good Lord, and must needes perish, vnlesse thou saue me: Draw me vp to

thee in the bucket of thy mercy, and place me in thy safe pasture of grace, the only sting that ouermastereth Satan. Chooſe me into the colledge of ioy, that I may sleepe in the lappe of thy word, which is thy power vnto saluation. Do this, O Lorde, for thine owne sake, that thine angels may haue occasion to reioice, and to set forth thy glory. Look for the lost groat, O gracious God, and find it out with the candle of thy mercy, and lock it vp in the treasure of ioy: euen me, O Lord, that thou thy selfe in great ioy maiestcal thine holy angels and heauenly company to reioice with thee, because thou hast found me a lost groat, and straying sheepe. Be thou

thou my Iesus, euen for thine own sake, wash away the lepro-sie of sin, that being cleansed, I may returne in ioy, to sound out the praises of thy holy and vn-deserued dealinges with mee thine enimy, Amen.

*Another.*

BEnd downe thy piteous eie O Lord, from the palace of heauen, and looke vppon me thy poore and wretched crea-ture. Behold I thy handiworke, thine owne workemanship am disgraced, nature hath vvrap-ped me in sinne, the diuell hath defaced bodie and soule, so that I am nothing better than a lumpe of iniquitie. The euill

gardener hath planted weedes in thy Garden, the euil husband hath sowne Tares and Cockle in thy Field. O Lord, with the Sword of thy mercy digge vp the weedes of sinne: and with the beames of thy pity parch vp the Cockle and Tares of Satan, that I may flourish like a branch of thy Sonne Iesus, and grow like a flower in the Pasture of grace, by the deaw of thy blessing. Scatter awaie from thy face vvith the wind of thy mercie, the chaffe of iniquitie, and gather thine owne Corne into the Garner of glorie. Let me not starue for want of grace, but feede me vvith mercie, and make me a simple Doue, that hauing the wings of

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a liuelie faith, and faithfull conſcience, I maie flie vp to the beacon of the croſſe, there to eate the merit of thy ſon Chriſt, my mighty Ieſus. O Lord wrap me in his paſſion and death, that no ſtorme of ſin do touch me to my vtter condemnation, Amen.

## *A prayer for the increaſe of Faith.*

WHat man, O God, vvas ſo fettered in the ſnare of ſinne, that he could not by anie meanes deliuer himſelfe, and therefore was for euer to lie bound with the chaine of Satan in hell: it pleaſed thee, O Lord, to worke meanes of de-

liuerie, by thine owne ſonne to vnloose the ſhackles of ſinne, that man might be ſet at libertie. For this I giue thee moſt harty thanks, O gracious God, and father of mercy. For what a thing is this? Man was loſt through his owne follie. Iudas for mony, but Adam for an apple forſooke thee, and ſo deſerued not onely to be forſaken, but alſo like an vtter enemie and rebellious traitour, to be executed in iuſtice and iudgement. But behold, O ye ſonnes of men, where man was vnable, and angels not ſufficient to worke recouerie of grace, and deliuerie from Satans ſlauerie, he ſpared not to ſhedde the bloud of his ſon for the redemption

tion of man, and satisfaction of his iustice.

Behold and wœnder: God hath but one Sonne, his deare Sonne, his onely ioy, his owne Image, his expresse substance, and yet doth he send this one Babe, like a Lambe in this euill vvorld among Foxes, to be torne, and cruelly butchered, that by the drops of his precious bloud, he might vvash the filthy face of our soules, and with the wool of his passion, the merit of his slaughter, so cloath vs, that no storme of raging sinne might dismay vs. The streames of thy Sonnes bloud, vnlesse vve bathe our selues in them, vnles vve vvash vs in the poole of his blood, his passion,

O Father of Heauen, ſhall nothing auaile vs. Giue vs therefore, good God, a full and ſound hand, that we may receiue the bloud of thy Sonne Chriſt, to our ſaluation. Increaſe our faith in vs, giue vs a winged fai h, that we may flie vnto Chriſt thy ſon and our ſauiour, ſtanding on the beacon of the croſſe, to purchaſe the redemption of the whole world.

But eſpecially in time of extremitie, when Satan dooth ſeeke to choake vs vvith the ſmoothering ſmoke of ſin, and like a vvilie Pirate ſeeketh to ſinke the Shippe of our vveake faith: then, O Lord, when he raketh our ſinnes out of the aſhes, and calleth a Parliament of

of his helliſh Angels to accuſe vs before thee and thine Holy company, that being conuinced of trechery to thy Maieſtie, vve may abide the rod of thy fury: euen then, O Lord, giue vs a fearhered faith, that vve may flie aboue the reach of Satan, and reſt in the woundꝭ of thy deare Sonne in ſafetie, vvithout perill of ſhipwracke, be the vvaues of ſinne neuer ſo outragious, or the winds of iniquitie neuer ſo tempeſtuous. Couer vs vvith the vvinges of thy fauour, gard vs vvith the hand of thy power, and pull vs out of the deepe myre of our ſecret ſinnes, that being drowned in thy mercy, vve may in a liuely faith ſpring out of the

puddle of misery, into the sea of thy merits for our endles safety, Amen.

*A prayer for preachers.*

Thou good shepherd of our soules, haue mercy vpon vs: thou hast appointed vs as Vicars and Deputies vnder thee, or rather for nurses for thee, to traine vp the babes of thy family in the loue and feare of thee. Giue vs, we beseech thee, the pure milke of thy Gospell to feed them: but especially the light of honest conuersation, to guide them out of this valley of darkenes, vnto thee the true Morning starre,

ſtarre, and Sunne of righteouſnes. Arme vs with the buckler of thy truth, that we may not only bicker with, but alſo put to flight Satan that rauenous Lyon, O Lord, who ſeeketh by ſubtilty to trap and deuoure the Lambes of thy paſture. Weapon vs with *Scriptum eſt*, It is written, O Lord, which is thy power vnto ſaluation, and the onely Buckler vvhereby thou didſt defend thy ſelfe in thy threefold combat with Satan. Take from vs the leuen of the Phariſies, the ſowred dough of hereſies, being the very canker of Chriſtian profeſſion, and the onely pitch that defileth the Table of thy Children, that vve may feede thy Chil-

children only with the word of thy mouth. This do, O Iesus, for thine owne sake, Amen.

## *A prayer for the increase of Preachers.*

SAtan, O Lorde, saileth vppon the Seas of this vvorlde, to hinder and keepe backe the propagation of the Gospell; killing by sword, boiling in fire, and choking by the darnel of his cockle gospel the babes of thy familie. So that now thy Church, O Lorde, is harrowed, little is the flocke of thy beloued Steuen, vve haue a great dearth of preaching Ieremies, and a verie small number of crying Esayes to conduct

duct thy Children, the tender ſucklings of thy Goſpell, from danger to ſafetie, out of the rough VVildernes of this wicked world. O looke vpon thy little flocke, let the Foxe no more fleece them, but ſende ſhepheards to feede them with the pure milke, and ſound meat of thy Goſpell. Send vs no VVoolues to teare, but ſend vs Dogs to defend the Sheepe of thy Paſture, againſt our wooluiſh Pharao, that continually gapeth to deuoure thy beloued Iſrael. O Lord haue mercie vpon vs, and let the Riuers of thy word haue free courſe in euery chanell: let no puddle of filthy doctrine, or quagmire of damnable hereſie trouble thy

thy little flock and sweet babes, least they tasting thereof, drinke their owne destruction. But send downe thine Angelles to cleanse the poole of thy word, mingled with the water of heresie, that we lying sicke at the gate of thy mercy, may descend into it, and so be healed. Grant this for thine infinite mercies sake, and for the glory of thine eternall Godhead, Amen.

## *A prayer for the Schoolemaister.*

WHere shal I begin, O Lord, to rip the vnseamed coat of thy benefits? O that I were all hart to conceiue, or

or all toong to vtter them; For vvhere vve had not onely loſt the inheritaunce of Paradice, but alſo the integritie of Nature, through Father Adams folly thou haſt ſet downe precepts and elected gouernours ouer youth, that being ruled by Tutors, and liuing well by precepts, the children of Adam might recouer the diſgraced puritie of nature, and at length (of thy meere fauour) be exalted, not to an earthly paradiſe, but to an heauenly inheritance, to enter and inherite the Palace of a Heauenlie Ieruſalem. And whereas, O welſpring of all goodnes, thou haſt appointed me to view and ouerſee the naturall man, not only to traine him

him vp in learning, but alſo in liuing: giue me thy grace, that I may firſt of a wild Oliue become a Branch of Ieſus, that avvaking my ſelfe vvith the vvings of thy mercie, I may crow the better to ſtumbling Peter, not only in deliuering precepts, but alſo examples of godly life, and honeſt conuerſation. Giue me the true knowledge of thy word, that by it as by a lanterne I may guide my ſelfe and them the better, from vvandering in vanity, into the way of ſanctity. Giue me alſo grace to doo my duty faithfully, and imprint in my hart the laſt day vvhen I ſhall render an account of my calling, ſo that alwayes remembring it,

it, I may the better fulfil it. O lord ſhew thy mercy, Amen.

*Another.*

O Lord, giue me grace to be faithfull in my vocation, to be diligent in my calling, to traine vp youth: but before all things to ſerue thee. Schoole me, O gracious God, in the waie of thy will, and teach me the waie of thy commandementes, that I maie not onlie liue by thee, but in thee for euer. Plant me like a branch of grace, in the Garden of thy gracious pleaſure, that I maie grow in thee, and not in the broad waie of iniquitie, or wide field of vanitie. Order thou my waies vvith the rule of thy will, and guide my ſteps by this lanterne

lanterne of life, that neither for feare or flatterie I swarue from the lessons of thy holy Spirit: but euer may vvalke vvith the vvarrant of a good conscience in thy Law and Testimonies. For this, O Lord, shall redound to the profit of thy Church, whereof by Baptisme I am a member: as also to the bettering of youth which is better Schooled by examples of a godly life, than by precepts of learning. Therefore, O Lord, that thy Church may be vnspotted and vvithout wrinkle, I beseech thee in thy Sonnes name to haue mercy vpon me and all my brethren, which liue in faith and feare of thee, that our good liues may glorifie thee

thee our father in heauen: and ſpur the babes of thy family, to the performance of their vow, by the power of thy ſpirite, Amen.

## *A prayer for Schollers.*

God, we are a curſed progenie, by nature lapt in the bands of ſinne, and fettered in the chaine of death, the due reward of ſinne and iniquitie: but of thy meere mercie thou haſt drawne vs vnto thee out of the iawes of our ſpirituall Pharao, by the death of Chriſt thine onelie Sonne, that mighty Lyon of the Tribe of Iudah, that being deliuered

uered from the handes of our enemies, we might ſerue thee in him all the daies of this our life. But becauſe we cannot of our ſelues, and by our ſelues, aſpire to the end of our redemption: we giue thee thankes, O Lord, that it hath pleaſed thee to helpe vs by this meanes, to wit, by placing vs vnder tutours. Thou haſt throughlie ſifted our nature: thou knoweſt that there is continuall battell betweene the wanton fleſh, and the ſpirit of ſanctification: and therefore to repreſſe old Adam, and to crucifie the Kingdome of the wanton fleſh, thou haſt put this yoke vppon vs to be vnder tutours and gouernours, to crop the crooked boughes

boughes off, and to mowe downe the ripe harueſt of wicked nature, that they might by precepts of life, vvith the aſſiſtance of thy Spirit, graffe vs in the true Vine Ieſus, and alſo print the ſtampe of Chriſtian knowledge in the Tables of our harts: that being no baſe metall, but pure and fine ſiluer, we might (and yet of grace) be weighed in the balance of thy mercy as currant coin, to be placed in the ſtorehouſe of thy ioy for euer. To thee as only good, be al glory, Amen.

*The mothers praier for the good education of hir youth.*

O Gracious God, in knowledge that thou loueſt all things,

things which thou hast made of thy goodnes: and that thing cannot perish, which is committed to thy charge. Now I come vnto thee with my tender Children, committing them into thine handes, and desiring thee to couer them vnder the wings of thy prouident mercy. Hewe and square the rough Table of their harts, of stony make them fleshie, that being softened by the dew of thy blessings, they may beare the seale of adoption in thy son Christ. O Lord guide them in this darke vale of vanitie, with the light of thy fauour, that escaping the dungeon of sin, they may walke in newnes of life, & lodge alwaies in thine holy will. Imprint in their harts faith,

faith, hope, humility, and charitie: that following thee, they may be humble and meeke as thou art. Indue them with the spirit of feare, that they may kisse thee in faith and liuely obedience, thou being neuer angrie with them, but louing them, as the mother dooth hir tender sucklings, Amen.

*The Fathers prayer.*

O Father of all Fathers, haue mercy vpon me, and giue me thy grace, not onely to be thankefull for this thy gracious gift, but also dutifull to vse it after thy good will and pleasure. It is thy will, O father

ther of Heauen, that Children ſhould come vnto thee: yea, that all men ſhould be ſaued, and come to the knowledge of the truth. Fill the cup of thy mercy, O Lord, and let me drinke of it, and my Children pledge me, that we may together be vvrapped in the Garment of Grace, and at length be married vnto thee into the Kingdome of glorie. Take my tender babes, O Lord, into thy family, that as Children of thy houſe, together with me, they may ſit with Father Abraham, Iſaac, and Iacob, at the table of ioy in ioy vnſpeakeable, and in pleaſure inconceiueable. Giue them the Spirite of thy fauour, that they maie crie trulie vnto thee,

thee, Abba, Father, assured in their consciences, that they are thy children, and coheires with our Saiiour Iesus of life eternal. O father shew thy mercy for thy mercies sake, Amen.

*The childs prayer.*

I AM borne a naturall child, O father of heauen, weake in bodie, blind in soule, in all parts maimed, and as it were lapt in bands of miserie, O Lord, renew me wholy, make me a babe of thy family, that I may sucke the paps of thy word, which is of power to saue bodie and soule. Lop the tree of nature, O gracious God, and restraine me within

the banks of thy will by the bridle of thy Spirite, that I neuer passing the limits of thy good pleasure, may of thy mercy be taken as worthy to sit with Father Abraham in the restful land of Canaan. Regenerate me, O Lord, and make me a newe creature, that hauing put off the old man, I may be transformed into thee the second Adam, in newnes of life, and be freede from all brunts of storming nature, and blowes of tyrannous Satan, that I may sleepe in the lap of thy church in safety for euer. O sweet Iesu, let no tempest of sin, or thunderbolt of Satan, or his ministers ouerturne mee thy poore creature, sailing vpon the soming seas, beset and beaten

ten with the ſurges of this preſent world: but gard me with thine hand, & let thine holy angels pitch their tents about me, leaſt the brickle barke of my body being broozed with the waues of wickednes, and the ſhip of my ſoule ſhaken with the tempeſts of iniquitie, I vtterly come to naught and become a caſtaway. In al dangers therefore, giue me grace to crie vnto thee with a lowde voice, Helpe me, thou ỳ canſt ſtil the roughnes of the ſea, or elſe I periſh, Amen.

*The husbandmans prayer.*

I A poore Husbandman, OLord GOD doe come vnto thee

tor ſuccour. Ieſus thou Sonne of Dauid haue mercie vppon me. Thou art the true Vine, and GOD thy Father the huſbandman, and a branch ingraffed in thee by grace, and nouriſhed by the iuice of mercie. O Lord, vvhen the pock of my corrupt nature breaketh out, and the wild Oliue ſheweth it ſelfe, then of thy fauour lop and crop me: purge mee, that I maie bud in thee, and beare fruite woorthie repentance. Giue me thy grace, that I tie not my hart to this world, nor locke my thoughtes in the chaine of vanitie: but free me from the ſlauerie of the diuell, and vnlooſe the deſperate knot of my ſinfull conſcience, that

ſin

ſin being diſiointed by remiſſi-on, and my conſcience vnlinked from ſin, I may ſerue thee in ho-lines and righteouſnes all the daies of my life. Aide me, O fa-ther of heauen, when the branch of ſin will ouer wantonly flou-riſh, and old Adam paſſe the li-mits of thy holy wil. Do this, O father, and only good husband-man, for thine own ſake, Amen.

## *The Maydeſeruauntes prayer.*

ALL eſtates, O Lorde, depend vpon thee, King and begger, Ma-giſtrate and cler-gie man, maiſter and ſcholler: all

all come of thee. And me thou haſt made a poore handmaid, which I do not only willingly beare, as knowing thou haſt allotted me this calling: but alſo very many waies I haue to thanke thee for it. For thou haſt not only deliuered mee from the ſlauiſh ſeruice of Satan, but alſo doeſt (by this my yoke) reſtraine the vvanton reliques of ſtained nature, preſerued me from the pampering of the old man in pleaſure and idleneſſe. Secondlie, that I am not ſeruaunt to any heathen Turke, or Saracen; but vnto a Chriſtian, in ſuch a place, vvhere thy Goſpell is preached freely, and fully. Thirdly and ſpecially, becauſe thou haſt called

me

me vnto such an estate of life, as vvherein I know I do well please thee. For who liueth after thy Gospell, if not I, vvho get my liuing with the sweate of my browes? I do not glory here in vaine, but to thee be the glory, vvho hast turned the curse into such a blessing. O Lord, giue me grace to consider this, that I may bee more diligent in my calling, more earnest in seruing thee, than euer I haue beene heeretofore. Forgiue me all that is past, and guide me in things to come, that I may neuer halt in my vocation. Giue me a sounde and perfect faith, in thy Sonnes blood, O father, wherein he hath washed (of his great mercie)

my poore ſoule, that notwithſtanding I ſerue a mortall man, yet aboue him in all thinges, I may ſerue thee, to whom be all glory both now and for euer, Amen.

## *A prayer for a woman with child.*

IN the beginning of the vvorlde, O Father of Heauen, after thou hadſt formed man of the ſlime of the earth, and yet Prince ouer all creatures: it pleaſed thee of thy goodnes to create a vvoman of his ſide, as well for his ſolace, as for the continuance of his ſeede. It was thy word vnto them, Increaſe and multiplie.

This

This increaſe vvas eaſie, but mother Eue hath made it hard (by paſſing the bounds of thy will) to al hir poſteritie: ſo that the Woman conceiueth and bringeth forth in great paine, and dangerous trauell, the fruit of her VVombe: in ſo great paine, O Lord, in ſuch extreme pangs, that vnles thou quench the flame of her ſorrowes with the vvater of comfort, it is impoſſible for her to beare that into this Vale of miſerie vvhich thou of thy goodnes haſt framed, and ſhe conceiued. Wherfore thou God of woonders, and Father Almighty of Heauen, as thou haſt by the ſlaughter of thine onely Lambe, taken away the ſinnes of the vvhole

worlde, and condemned ſinne in the fleſh: ſo take away the pangs of childbirth, the fruit of ſinne from all womankinde, eſpeciallie this woman, that bearing ioyfullie, that which ſhee hath conceiued fruitefully, and thou haſt faſhioned graciouſly, ſhe may glorifie thee moſt carefully, & praiſe thee moſt thankfully, the onely ſtay of her eſtate in all extremitie, both now at this preſent, and hereafter euerlaſtingly, Amen.

## *A prayer for a woman in trauell.*

LOrde ſaue mee, or elſe I periſh. Lorde haue mercie vpon me a ſinner. Pitifull Ieſu

Ieſu ſhew thy mercie vnto me, and let the light of thy countenance ſhine vpon mee, that I bee not ſwallowed vp in griefe and ſorrowe. Lorde, ſweete Lord, thou ſendeſt thy ſeruants to call me to the marriage: thy fatlinges and oxen are killed, and Dinner is readie: Lorde giue mee grace to come vnto thee, that beeing freed from ſinne, and eaſed of ſorrow, the fruit of ſinne, I may marrie thee in the couenant of thy mercie, and banquet with thee face to face at the table of ioye, in thy heauenly Ieruſalem. Lord, louing Lorde and gracious God, bleſſe the fruit of my wombe, and take it into thy familie. For I beleeue Lorde, that thou becameſt

becamest of God the Sonne of man, to make it and all other, whome thy father hath giuen thee, the children of God thy heauenly Father. According to my faith therefore, O Lord, be it vnto me. Open the doore of thy mercy, and lodge my child in the vertue of thy couenant, that being my God and the God of my seed, I may glorifie thee both now and euer, and offer vp the sacrifice of praise, the fruits of a ioifull spirit vnto thee. Lord and father of heauen, it is thy will that all men should be saued: thy will be done, and saue mee by thy mercie I beseech thee, Amen.

*A prayer for the prisoner.*

Liuing God, and louing Father of heauē, I haue stood in the way of sinners, and wasted my dayes in iniquitie, for the which I am iustly tyed in bands, and shall suffer the shippewracke of this fraile and fading life. O Lord comfort me with thy holy spirit against the terrour of death; and so roote in me the hope of saluation, that I maie looke in stedfast faith after the night of my passion, to suppe, and to be with thee in heauenly Paradice. Euill hath beene my life, euen from the Wombe haue I war-

warred vvith euill nature a-gainſt thee, and ſo my power ſought to deſtroy my ſelfe, and to crucify my Ieſus againe moſt villanouſlie. But yet O Lorde and father of mercie, I beleeue verely that all thy ſonnes bloud is not dried vp, I am perſwaded that there are ſome drops of grace reſerued for all laden and labouring publicans, and therefore comming vnto thee I crie and call: *Lord haue mercy vpon me a ſinner: Lord, O Ieſu thou ſonne of Dauid haue mercie vpon me:* Remember thy bloudie paſſion, and with the teſtimonie of thy moſt holie ſpirite ſeale vp in my heart my ſaluation, that I may die in thee, and ſo liue with thee for euer, Amen.

A

*A prayer to be ſaid at the houre of death.*

FAther of heauen into thy handes I doe commend my ſoule, Lorde increaſe my faith, ſtrengthen my weakenes, fortifie my ſoule with the Teſtimonie of thy fauour, againſt the feare of death, vvhich is dreadfull vnto me. O gracious God, looke not vppon my merits, for they are none: nor vpon my life, for it hath beene verie naught and abhominable, but looke vpon Chriſt thy deere ſonne and my louing Ieſus: who beeing ſlaughtered vpon the altar of the Croſſe, crieth vnto thee for mee and my brethren:

thren: Father forgiue them. Thy Sonne, O Lord, died to deliuer vs, was bound to loose vs out of hellish Aegypt, that being freed by him, we might alwaies and soly serue him. But mercy Lorde, mercie is all my suite: for I haue prophaned his precious passion by my euill conuersation, and doone what lay in my power to crucifie him againe: but notwithstanding Lord, thou art alwaies mercifull, and of great pitie: and I beleeue verely, that thy Sonnes mercy is not abated, who cryed for the butchering Iewes, Father forgiue them. Louing God therefore burie mine iniquities, and accept thy Sonnes crie, as a satisfaction for my sinne,

ſin Lord haue mercy vpon me a ſinner, Amen.

*A prayer for the trueth.*

HEreſie, O Lord, is the ſpur of dunghil cocks, & hirelings, which faint and will not fight in thy quarrel againſt the VVolfe, for the ſheepe of thy paſture. Let not this ſpur blind the eies of Chriſtians, let it not ſhut vppe the window of thy will. Thy truth defend, O gracious God, and with the vvhippe of thy iudgement ſcourge all penie Goſpellers, and ſcowre thy Fathers houſe, vvhich muſt be a houſe of prayer, that thy worde may be

be truly preached, which is thy power vnto ſaluation. Graunt vnto vs the pure bread of life, let it not be ſowred vvith the leuen of vnſeaſoned Rabbins, leaſt thy trueth being eclipſed with euill doctrine, be vtterly buried, and ſo thy Lambes for hunger ſtarued. The babes of thy family doe hunger and gape for meate: they daily crie vnto thee, Father of Heauen deliuer vs from euill: Come Lord Ieſus, come: for thou art truth, and the only teacher of trueth. Roote vppe out of thy Garden the weedes of hereſie, and hinder the blaſte of ſlaundering Trumpetters, vvho doo nothing elſe but barke agaynſt thy trueth, and bite the good

names

names of others, & al to the defacing of thy Gospel, Amen.

*A prayer for the ploughman.*

IT is thy iuste reward, O God, to man for his trecherie and disobedience against thy Maiestie, that hee shoulde gette his liuing by the sweat of his browes: I confesse therefore, O thou iust GOD, and louing Father, that I haue merited this bondage, that thou maiest be iustified vvhen thou art iudged. Giue me thy grace O Lord, that I may be diligent and faithfull in my vocation, to do my duety, not so much for feare, as for conscience. Giue me

me thy grace, that I maie ſerue vvith a vvilling minde, and a free conſcience, that beeing ſubiect to a Chriſtian in bodie, yet I maie beare rule ouer ſinne and Satan in a ſtedfaſt faith, and feare of thee. Gard and defend me with thy grace, and fence me with thy fauour. Vphold my feet from ſlipping, ſtay me that I fall not, and if I fall, raiſe me vp that I may not lie in the myre of deſperation, vvhen ſinne ſhall aſſault mee. Plow my hart with the threates of thy pearcing law, and harrow it with a greeuous memoriall of my omitted duetie: but ſo, O Lord, that thou in the end doe ſow in it the ſeede of thy Goſpell, the bread of immorta-

mortality, that I may liue in thee and by thee, now and for euer, Amen.

### *A prayer for the blessing of his labour.*

SVch was the fall of Adam, O gracious God, so great vvas his rebellion against thy diuine maiestie, that of desert thou maiest forsake him, and staie the hand of thy bounteous liberalitie. Notwithstanding LORD, becauſe that thou hast commanded all men to aske, and allured them to craue things necessarie by thy promise, that he that asketh shall haue: therefore, O Lord, in hope of thy vvonted and offered

fered mercie. I come vnto thee in the name of Christ thy beloued Sonne, and my louing Husband: desiring thee, in the streames of thy bloudy teares, to wash me from my sinnes, to burie them in the bottome of the Sea, and to scatter them as chaffe before the wind, that I being taken into thy fauour, and reconciled to thee in the bloud of the immaculate lambe, maie looke in assurance for thy fatherlie prouidence. Blesse, O Lord, the cursed earth: so fructifie the barren earth with the deaw of Heauen, that we may haue great cause to glorifie thy Name, and sufficient for nature against extremitie, to releeue vs vvith thy store in time

time of neceſſity, Amen.

*A prayer for peace.*

APpeaſe, O gracious GOD, the ſurging vvaues of this preſent euill vvorlde: cut downe the angrie makebates, and graunt vnto vs the peace of thy ſpirit: that liuing in one mind, and bearing about vs one will, grounded vpon thy gracious pleaſure, vve maie be gathered into one ſheepefold, and liue in brotherly loue, and vnfained vnitie. O louing maker, and God of peace, it is a pitious thing to ſee the malice of the world: it is a miſerie to behold how thy members diſioint themſelues in

in ceremonies and beggerlie elementes: it is a hell to consider howe mightie Saul rageth against little Dauid: to see the beastlie cruelrie and tiger like tyrannie of the Pharaos of this vvorld, vvho not tendring their owne case, not regarding the end of thy passion, or full and sole redemption, do racke and rent the babes of thy Church, thy beloued wife. Redresse all this, gracious God: either cut off our enimies, or else conuert them, that vve may together wage battell against the diuell our archaduersarie. Season the harts of our brethren, that will for a trifling ceremouie, renounce thy veritie, and breake the bandes of Christian vnitie.

Con-

Confirme the weake nouices of thy Schoole in the libertie of thy Gospell, that all offence being taken awaie, we may serue thee the God of peace, euen charity it selfe, in charity, Amen.

## *A prayer in time of warre.*

O Lord, and onelie peacemaker, linke vs in vnitie that are diuided, ioine vs in loue that haue sundered our selues, and so transgressed thy holy will. If our cause bee euill, good Lord amend vs, and reconcile vs with the peace of thy spirit: if it be good, defend vs, O Lord, and turne vnto vs,

or elle confound our enemies. Gracious Ieſu, thou knotte of peace, which haſt ioined God thy Father and man, not onelie in fauour as friendes: but alſo coupled vs in one brotherhood with thee, as his Children: we beſeech thee to ſowe the ſeede of concord in vs, that wee may liue in thee as fruitfull branches now and for euer. O Lord giue vs thy grace, that we purchaſe no enuie, nor be the Fathers of ſedition, of war, or any inſurrection: but imprint in our heartes thus much, that thou art loue, who ſhalt come to iudge the quicke and the dead. Charitie ſhall iudge the world, and confound all bruers of tumults. Ingraue this leſſon, O Lord, in the

the tables of our hearts, and forgiue vs all that is paſt, and guide vs in that which is to come, that we fall not, but ſtand faſt in the way of thy will; Amen.

## *A prayer for the Captaine.*

DEfend the righteous cauſe of thy ſeruant: aſſiſt me with ſtrength againſt mine enimies, with the wiſedome of thy Spirit againſt the policie of man, that beeing wholie guided by thee, I maie fight manfullie in thy quarrell, to the building of thy Church, and vtter rebuke of her aduerſaries. Without thee, O fountaine of goodnes, and God of

mine estate, I can do nothing. Arme me therefore with thy grace, with the buckler of thy word, that I maie bee able, not onely to war with, but also to ouermatch Satan my deadlie foe, and all his hellish band, setting themselues against thee, and thine annointed. Enrich me with thy mercie, that I may be able to put vppon mee the white raiment of faith, and being cloathed with it, may stand sure against the foming ministers of the diuell, that no storm may ouerturne or dismay mee. O Lord keepe me from all wrestling affections, from inordinate motions defend mee, O Lord. Let all discord be remoued, whereby thy pellican children

dren may be diſcuered. But nouriſh, O God of loue, thy babes with the Spirit of patience, that I and they beeing of one minde, may doo our endeuours, and bende our whole ſtrength to the reedifying of mother Sion, which trauelleth with ſorrowes, and ſinketh in the miſt of hereſies, vnles thou pull her out by the hand of thy mercy: which do, O gracious God, I beſeech thee, Amen.

## *A prayer for the Souldier.*

THIS world is nothing elſe but a ſea of trouble, heere the diuel ſtormeth, there the worlde frowneth, on

euerie ſide the fleſh aſſaulteth vs, ſo that our life may well be tearmed a warrefare, and our daies a treaſure of dangers. O Lord, with the Anchor of thy mercie vphold vs, that we ſinke not in the Sea of this troublous time: but guide vs with thy holy Spirite, that our liues may pleaſe thee, and wee in our death praiſe thee: through Ieſus Chriſt our Lord. Plant the tree of peace among vs, let it flouriſh to the gladdening of our harts; that all diſſenſion cut off, we may be linked in one knot of Chriſtian vnitie, gathered into one ſheepfold, and guided by thee our onely and one ſhepheard. Let nothing ſunder the members of thy bodie

bodie, but cherish and nourish them with a full perswasion of brotherhood, in the vnitie of our Sauiour, and thee our one and only father, Amen.

## *A prayer in time of dearth.*

Mightie God, and maker of al things: thou art iust, and in iustice hast thou scourged vs: we confesse it, O Lord. Our liues haue deserued thy whip, the excessiue riot of sinne hath merited the famine and want of thy gracious benefites: but notwithstanding louing Lord, burie our iniquities in the multitude of thy woonted goodnes, and blesse vs

with the ſtore of thy mercie, that as wee may nowe declare thy iuſtice reuealed againſte ſinne: ſo likewiſe wee maie preach and blaze abroad to the world, the bottomleſſe pitte of thine infinite pitie. O gracious Lord, thou gaueſt thine onelie Sonne our Ieſus to the death, euen to the death of the Croſſe, by his bitter Paſſion to purchaſe our redemption. As thou haſt giuen him: ſo good Lord, giue vs all thy benefites with him, that as thou haſt by him redeemed vs, ſo we in him may be ſuſtained, during this tranſitory life, with fulneſſe of thy grace, till the day of his great viſitation, when meeting him in the cloudes, we ſhall be

ſet

ſet on his right hande, to liue with him in fulneſſe of ioye for euer. Defend vs, O Lord, from extreme needines, and correct vs not in thine anger; but ſtore vs with ſufficient in thy mercie. Foode and raiment, good Lord, we aske no more. Giue vs and grant vs this our petition, and giue vs grace therwith to be content, Amen.

## *A prayer against the feare of death.*

THY handes haue framed me, O lord. And whereas to the blemiſhe of all his poſteritie, father Adam made himſelfe through follie worſe than nothing, a curſed

caitife, euen thine vtter enemy: it pleased thee of vnmerited goodnes, to leaue the Colledge of thy Saints: the ninetie nine iust sheepe, the band of thy blessed angels, to seeke the straying sheepe, the groat that lost that roiall stampe of a pure nature, to the vtter disgracing of al his progenie.

Man, this lost sheepe thou soughtest, O Iesus, thou foundest, sweet Iesus, by death thou foundest her, by bleeding paines thou foundest her, by nailed hands and bored feete thou foundest her, by a sharpe and thorny crown, which pearced thy glorious head, by sheading of thine owne bloud, by drinking of vineger in thine extreme

extreme thirſt, by ſuffering the moſt violent death of the croſſe thou foundeſt her: and ſo foundeſt thy loſt ſheepe, man, loſt man, ſinfull man, the child of wrath, O Ieſus.

O louing Ieſus, and tender harted Samaritan, that of a ſick haſt ſalued, of a ſore ſinner haſt ſaued him, of a wicked creature, waſhed him cleane in the ſtreame of thine ineſtimable mercie. O Ieſu, O gracious Ieſu, thou haſt ſought loſt man, and found loſt man, by condemning ſin, by breaking the bands of the diuell, by conquering hel, ſin, death and diuell, in the fleſh.

Sith therefore thou haſt, O louing Ieſu, pitifull Ieſu, of thy mercie

mercie, ſhed thy blood, not only for my firſt father Adam, but alſo for mee, euen for the whole worlde, that as ſinne ouerran all men to condemnation by one man: ſo in thee all the nations of the world might be bleſſed. And ſith thou haſt not onely made a full purgation for my ſinnes, beeing the ſlaughtered Lambe, that haſt taken awaie the ſinnes of the worlde: but alſo ſoong a conqueſt ouer ſinne, which hath loſt his ſting, death which was dead, & hell which had loſt the victorie, and the dragon which thou ouer-cameſt in heauen, by preaching libertie to captiues, and leading captiuitie captiue, there is no cauſe why

I ſhould faint and feare death.

Arme me therefore, O Lord, with this faith, that thou haſt daſhed death in pieces vvith the rod of thy merits, & drowned the Diuell in the riuers of thy precious bloud, that no torment or byting paine of the fleſhe ſunder mee from thee moſt louing Ieſu: but imprint in my heart thy grace, that in greateſt anguiſhe I may be ſo farre from the feare of it, as rather to crie with thy Saintes *Come Lord Ieſu, Come:* and deſire to be diſſolued with Paul, and to be with thee my louing husband, than by any paines of death to refuſe thee. O Lord doe thy good wil, Amen.

*Another*

*Another.*

OVr father which art in heauen, thou art life; how shal I come vnto thee? there is no way, O Lord, but thy selfe: no man commeth vnto thee but by thee. There is no remedy but this vessel of earth must be broken, before I shal see thee face to face, euen as thou art in fulnesse of glory. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, clay to clay, earth must return to earth, to pay this borowed tabernacle to earth wherof it came. Grasse must wither, the flower must fade, the vapour vanish, I must be dissolued before I shall be ioined fullie to thee my head, and onelie Vine, wherein I liue. Thy pursuant sicknes

ſicknes muſt viſit this bodie of ſin, and death muſt row me ouer the ſeas of this world, vnto thee in the barke of faith, by the anchor of thy couenants made to the houſe of Dauid. O Lord therefore giue me grace to welcome death, by which I muſt paſſe to life, that dying in thee, I may be bleſſed, and liue in the ſtorehouſe of thy ioies for euer, Amen.

*Another.*

O Louing Husband, mine onely Ieſus, ſleepe not, ſlumber not: but awake my ioy, awake my comfort, and looſe the bands of my miſerie. Death, death, O Lord, thou haſt nailed to the tree, by the preci-

ous

ous passion, and drowned Satan the prince of darkenesse in the streamy floud of thy blessed bloud. Sweet Iesus, louing Lord, and husband mine, locke vp the faith of this thy merit in my heart, and clip mee in the sweete armes of thy woonted comfort. Kisse me, kisse mee: piteous Iesu, pitie me, and be not angrie with mee. Diuorce me not, ô mercifull Iesus: but marrie me in mercie, & call me in thy fauour to the marriage of grace, that being thine by the testimonie of thy spirit, I may sing with a brazen face: *sinne where is thy sting? hell where is thy victorie?* Mercie, O Lord, mercie, loue, louing God, loue is thy name: mercie is my suite,

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O bottomlesse pitie: thy loue I labour and cry for; Lord, Lord, Iesus thou Son of Dauid haue mercy vppon mee, and spread forth the banners of thy comfort, that I maie knowe that I am thine, and knowing it, may neuer distrust thine inestimable mercy, Amen.

## *Another in forme of a confession.*

IN thy Name, O LORD, Amen. I acknowledge to the publishing of GOD his glorie, and the comfort of my soule, that I am GOD his owne Child, that he hath created me of nothing, redeemed me being lost, & preserued me from

from the wombe till this time. In him haue I onelie trusted, and neuer shall bee confounded. Beloued friendes in the Lord, for your comfort & mine owne duety, heare my confession, which euerie Christian is bound to make. I acknowledge therefore in the face of God Almighty, before you all, that whether I liue or die, I am his. He hath suffered death to saue me from death, he was crowned with thornes, to crowne me with glorie: hee was bored and nailed to the Tree, to naile and to crucifie the sinnes of the whole worlde. He was content to be pearced with a speare, yea so pearced, that the bloud gushed out; and for

for nothing elſe but to waſhe me cleane from the ſore of ſin, in the ſtreames of his mercie. For this with one conſent let vs crie, Our ſoules doo magnifie the Lord, and our ſpirits reioice in God our Sauiour. Secondlie I confeſſe, that though Chriſt in his precious bloud hath cleanſed me from the filth of ſin, that notwithſtanding I doo nothing in this preſent life, but heape ſin vppon ſin, and hourd vp treſpaſſe vppon treſpaſſe, ſo that this daie is woorſe alwaies than yeſterday, by increaſing as daies, ſo ſins: and therefore the indignation of God againſt me. But yet thoſe of hell ſhall not be able to preuaile againſt me. For there is

is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Iesus my Sauiour. Thirdly I confesse, that as my life is sinfull, so it is short; like a smoke, like a shadow, like a warrefare, like a flower that fadeth, grasse that withereth, a word that soone passeth, it is like a bubble in the water, a VVeauers shuttle: it is a span long, and no moe. Againe it is not onely short, but also miserable. For it is an exile, a vale of miserie, it is a Wildernesse, it is stuffed with sorrowes, a cage of enimies, a Sea of miseries, a dungeon of gronings and greeuous sobbings: it is a storme, a tempest that wonderfully troubleth the people of our heauenly Father: beleeue me, it is no

no better than a womans trauell, and that is extremelie miserable: and therefore, as not onely short, but also wretched I am willing to forsake it. Yea death, welcome death; sicknes: sicknes of all messengers welcome art thou. Adue vile life, farewell life, sinfull life adue, and welcome death, the purseuant of my louing Sauiour: for by thee my miserie shall end. From warre to peace, from this stormie world into the calme countrie of heauen: from grones and sobbings, from this vale of sighinges, to the Palace of ioy: from earth to heauen, from sinfull men & wild beasts to beloued friendes, by death I shall passe to life, to haue the compa-

companie of holy Patriarches, and blessed Saintes, to haue the sight of the glorious Trinitie, to haue and inherite such ioie, as neither eie hath seene, nor eare heard, nor heart euer conceiued. By death I shall haue libertie without imprisonment, health without sickenesse, ioie without sorrow, pleasure without paine, in such securitie, eternitie, and perpetuitie as passeth all thoughtes. The holie ones of GOD my Father, the blessed Angelles and Archangelles they haue attained it, but neuer can they sufficientlie esteeme of it. So that, O death, thou art welcome: welcome sicknes, for my Lord Iesus hath new sent thee to fetch me from this

this prison to his Palace, from a strange countrie to my home, from this place of teares and mourning, to the daie of marriage, sweete Iesus, to marrie thee in thy mercies for euer. Heare dearelie beloued, heare and reioice with me. Sickness is come, death is in comming, as a Purseuaunt from my louing Iesus, to cite me to appeare before him, that he maie appoint mee a mansion in his Fathers house, to sit with him at the table of ioie for euer. O the ioy and onelie ioie of a Christian; Now I shall lie no more in this prison: now I shall haue Pauls wish: for I shall be deliuered from this bodie of sinne: now shall I depart in peace with Simeon

meon to haue that peace that passeth all vnderstanding, and surmounteth all thought. Now, now shall I see the amiable tabernacles of my Lorde: now shall I enter the courts of my God, where one day is better than a thousande elsewhere: now shall I be a doorekeeper in the house of mine Heauenlie Father, now shall I appeare before the presence of God, now doth his kingdome come, now Lord Iesus, now thou commest to carry my soule into ioy, Into thy hands therfore I commit my Spirit. Beloued brethren this is my Testament, which I leaue vnto you, it offereth great ioye, and no matter of teares. Shead therefore no

teares

teares, for better is the day of death, than the day of birth: I entered my life with a crie, it coste my Mother paine and teares to beare mee, but yet it cost my louing Iesus his Blood to saue mee, you, and all the worlde. Enuy not therefore my luckines, that now I shall passe from you out of this Vale of teares, vnto him who died, that I with him might liue in ioy for euer.

If you will mourne, mourne for your owne Sinnes, mourne for your selues, that you shall not so soone sup with God my father as I shall do: and mourne not for mee, for you shall shortlie follow me, and loose me but for a time, when you shall see

in heauen for euer. For blessed are the deade that die in the Lord, whose name for euer bee glorified, Amen.

*A prayer for the rich man.*

THou art the VVelspring of all good thinges, O louing Lord: thou art the rich Storehouse and Chest of mercie for all naked Adamites. O loue inestimable; VVee are borne into this Vale of miserie, not onelie wicked in Soule, but euen also naked in bodie: a deserued entraunce for vs by Father Adam, through desire of souereigntie: but an vndeserued thing it is, O good GOD, that

that notwithſtanding our merited pouertie and deſerued nakedneſſe, by rebellion againſt thy Maieſtie, thou ſhouldeſt thus cloath mee with thy benefites: with plentie againſt penurie, with friendſhip againſt enimitie, with health againſt ſickeneſſe, with ſtore againſt needineſſe. This O Lord, is an vnmerited benefite, for the which after my bounden dutie, I giue thee hearty thankes. But what ſhall I ſay? what ſufficient thankes ſhall I render vnto thee? for thou haſt not onelie armed mee againſt pouertie: but alſo choſen mee as a Steward to vnlocke the cheſt of thy benefites to needie Lazarus, that as thou haſt loued mee, ſo

I ſhould tender thee in them. O Lord giue me thy grace, that I may be thy Stewarde, by cloathing the naked, by feeding the hungrie, lodging the harbourleſſe, and defending the fatherleſſe: that I may be able to render a faithfull accoumpt of my ſtewardſhippe vnto thee in the daie of Reuelation. Graunt this O father, for Chriſt his ſake, Amen.

*Another.*

O Father of Heauen, and rich GOD of mercy. Beholde thy poore creature: in ſin, rich: in Grace, poore: beſtowe vppon mee ſome mite of thy Mercie, cloath mee with the merites of thy Sonne Ieſus, and bath my naked Bodie in his precious

precious Bloude: ſatiſhe my hungrie Soule with a crum of thy graciousbleſſinges, that being cloathed with the Armour of his meritorious Paſſion, I neede not to feare the naked, the deſperate corruption, or rather wages of Nature: Moiſten my Heart with the Honnie dew of thy great & rich grace; that as thou haſt enriched mee beyonde my deſart, beeing by ſinne an Enemie vnto thee: ſo I male continue rich in good workes, to the profite of my neighbours, to the comfort of mine owne Soule, and to the manifeſtation of thy Glorious Maieſty. O Lord, thou art a zealous God, ſuch a GOD as wiſheſt my Health, and the

safety of thy Creatures, haue therefore mercy vppon mee, blesse me with faith towards thee, with Loue towardes my Neyghbour, and a Godly care towards my selfe, that thou in thy selfe maiest bee magnified, and my conscience reioyce in the Testimony of a good life, whose reward in thy son Christ is life eternall, Amen.

*The Beggers Prayer.*

O Mighty Lord, and Prouident GOD, the Stewardes of thy plentious store-house are not moued to feede the Hungry, to cloath the Naked, and lodge the Poore Pylgrime at his pitteous crie, but not-

notwithſtanding all this their tyrannie, Father forgiue them, and pardon mee, as I forgiue them that haue treſpaſſed againſt me. Rake the fire of charitie out of the dead aſhes, and quicken it, O Lord, that I may warme me in thy Familie, in time of extremitie: and they be readie in thy great audit to render a full Account of their Stewardſhippe vnto thee. But firſt of all doo I begge Grace of thee, that I may euer ſeeke thy Kingdome, and ſo bee perſwaded in heart by thy word, that I ſhall want nothing, but that all other thinges ſhall be added vnto mee. This doo I aske of thee, O Father of Heauen, that euer crieſt, Aske and haue. Giue mee

faith to aske in certaintie, that I may looke without doubt for this thy craued mercy, O Lorde I beseech thee, Amen.

*Another.*

HAue mercy vppon me, O Lorde: and pardon mine offences, the Rich men of this VVorld will scarce looke vpon me, or vouchsafe to relieue my necessitie with the Crummes of their ouerstreaming Tables. But yet O LORD, I beseech thee forgiue them, and denie mee not the crums of thy grace, but looke vppon mee with the pitious Eie of thy louing Countenance. Assist mee so, O Lorde, with thy holy Spirit, that being alwaies content with my calling, I may seeke to serue thee in

in holineſſe and pureneſſe of liuing without feare all the daies of my life. Beate mee with pouerty, beate me, O Lord, ſtrike, wound, do thy good will, O louing God: ſo thou ſaue mee of thy mercie, wherein lieth all the ioie of my Soule. Giue mee thy Grace, neuer to miſdoubt thy prouidence, that neuer doubting of thy Fatherlie care, I may with a gladſome Heart endure the ende of my Warfare. Giue mee a contented minde, let thy will bee my will, and my will alwaies anſwerable to thy will, that I neuer offend thee, but do my dutie in louing thee, and wiſhing well to all the World, Amen.

*The Widowes Prayer.*

O LORD, I thanke thee that thou haſt ſcourged me with the death of mine Husband. Hee was bone of my bones, and Fleſhe of my Fleſh: Hee by the couenant of matrimonie was made one Bodie with me: thou gaueſt him vnto mee, and thou haſt taken him from mee: bleſſed bee thy Name for euer. The bandes of Death haue ſundred mee from him: but I hope, O Lorde, by the power of thy Holy Spirite, that nothing ſhall bee able to ſeparate mee from thee mine onely Ieſus, the onely ioy of my Soule, put the Axe of thy mer-

mercie to the roote of wanton nature, and cut it off: that I doo not marrie the vanitie of this wicked worlde, but put vppon mee the Garment of innocencie, and tie about my heart the Iewell of faith, that I maie onely marrie thee in the couenaunt of thy Heauenly Father, louing Iesus, and haue nothing to doo with the adulterer the Diuell, the father of deadly fornication. This is the onely bedde of ioy, wherein I will sleepe, O Lorde, and the onely arke of comfort, wherein I will saile, till I shal see thee face to face: to whome be praise and honour both nowe and euer, Amen.

The

## *The Tenants Prayer.*

I Thanke thee, O father of heauen, that thou hast made me after thine owne Image. Thou mightst haue made mee a frog, a worme, a tree, but thou hast not doone it, O Lord? And what was the cause? surely not my merit, for I was not before thou madest me: it was thy mercy, good Lord, the true mother of all mankinde. Thou hast not made me a King, a Ruler, a lord: no Lord, but I thanke thee for it, thou hast made me a Tenant of men, but yet in thee, that euer I might acknowledge thee in them my chiefe Lord in heauen.

uen. Giue me grace O Lorde, to be thankful for this thy will, and dutifullie to walke in my Vocation, and giue mee thy Grace, that as I am a Tenant to man, so I maie alwaies bee a Tenant to thee, to do thee seruice, to paie thee yearelie my hourelie rent, which is a thankefull heart for all thy benefites. If man woulde haue mee to do wrong against right, Lorde giue mee of thy Grace to consider, that better it is to bee thy Tenant than mans. If the diuell and the Worlde entising mee to walke wantonlie seeke my destruction: giue mee grace, O God, to consider that all things are subiect to thine vniuersall Power: and shall not they obey? howe then

then can they or dare they assault mee to hurt mee, fastening the anchor of my faith vppon so sure and firme a rocke ? if the flesh make Warre against the spirite, to make mee seruiceable to sinne, minister strength vnto mee, O Lorde, that being thy tenant and a childe of thy familie, I may winne the Fielde, and fighting valiauntlie, maie bee crowned eternallie with thy sonne Iesus my blessed sauiour, Amen.

*The fatherlesse childes prayer.*

O Lorde, so narrow is the Mouthe of charitie, so consumed is the Fyre-brand

brand of Christian Loue, that although the Foxes haue their holes, and birds their neasts, yet haue wee no place to rest our heades on. As Pilgrimes wee wander from place to place, and are driuen with the winds of pinching pouertie vppon the Seas of this World, to seeke reliefe: but alas and woe to the worlde for it. The rich man deuoureth all superfluitie, or else hourdeth vppe to fill his Garners niggardlie: so that Lazarus may not onely walke amid the Streetes naked, but also lie begging at the Gates full sore, and yet go without the Crums which fall from the Table, to ease the tune of his necessitie. O Lord therefore do I flie vnto thee

thee: haue thou mercy vppon me, for it is onely thou which filleſt with thy Bleſſing euery liuing thing. I am better than a farthing Sparrowe, O Lorde: thou knoweſt it, and I acknowledge it to my comfort. Feede my Soule with the fleſh of thy ſonne, and let me drinke of his bloud, that ſeeking firſt thy Kingdome, I may in the end be crowned with Glory, and ſit at the Table of ioy in heauen with thee. O Lorde grant this, I beſeech thee,

Amen.

# A Sworde againſt the *feare of death:* Wherein is liuelie declared, *with what Weapons a* chriſtian ſouldiour ſhould *fight to hold and keepe* his owne: made by the ſaide E. H.

## The firſt Weapon.

*Conſider thy ſelfe.*

MAN doth conſiſt of two partes, an earthly Body, and ſoule ſpiritual. Thy body what is it? It is a caſe of thy ſoule, ſuch a caſe as is a Priſon

ſon, and therefore Dauid deſirous of Lyfe Eternall, and the ſight of his maſter Chriſt, cried out: Oh, how long ſhall I lie in this priſon? Yea this caſe of the ſoule is ſuch a Cage of filth, as a man of God hath ſayd, that no Bocardo, no Dungeon, no Sinke, no Puddle, no Pitte is in anie reſpect ſo euil a priſon for this bodie, as the bodie is of the Soule. For it is ſuch a caſe, as ſtincketh in the ſight of God, a Bodie of Sinne is this Cage of the Soule, and therefore cried Paul out, Oh wreth that I am: who ſhall deliuer mee from this body of ſinne?

Beholde deere Chriſtians, ſuch an heauie burthen was the Bodie to the Soule, that Paul was

was willing to giue this VVorld a farewel, and with father Simeon hee wished that hee might depart in peace. Oh that wee had this courage of Paul! Or were as godly wise as Dauid, to locke that vppe in the closet of our heartes, which they had fullie digested. For then wee shoulde haue a wished famine of mourning Christians, or rather vnchristian Painims, who do weepe and waile for the dissolution of this earthly and fraile tabernacle, which Dauid longed for, and Paul with Father Simeon desired.

Dauid the father of the faithfull, and mouth of the Holy spirit, he was a man after GOD, his owne hart, whome God had spiced

spiced with Grace, and made of his mercy a vessell of honour. He was a Pillar of Mother Sion, he liued in the Childhood of the Church, when the Cloude of the Lawe did yet ouershaddowe the appearaunce of the Sunne in fulnesse of comfort. He desired to see the day, but could not see it, which is now past, wherein the Sonne of God hath opened fully the Storehouse of Ioy: and yet beeing weary of the burthen of his Body, and willing to forsake it as a most stinking prison house, without feare of death he crieth out: Oh how long shall I lie in this Prison?

Paul ioineth handes with Father Dauid, euen Paul, that notable

notable Organne of the Holie Ghoſt, who ſaide of himſelfe: It is not I that liue, but Chriſt that liueth in mee. Hee that in body ſaw the Lord, and knewe that as a vapour his life ſhoulde vaniſh, and ſo he in a ſmall ſpace ſhoulde ſuppe with his Maiſter Chriſt in Heauen, after his aſcenſion: yet carrying about himſelfe this caſe of the Soule, accounteth himſelfe wretched, and therefore crieth out: Oh wretch that I am! who ſhal deliuer mee from this body of ſin? As if hee ſhoulde haue ſaide, I know that the time will come, when men will faint in faith, and broch infidelitie: when this life ſhall bee more loued than wiſely loathed, and this bodie

die more esteemed than godlineſſe will ſuffer. I knowe fooliſh Parentes will bee ſo bewitched with the immoderate loue of their Children, that they will grudge at the will of God, when he calleth them, and ſorrowe and ſigh a long time after their departures, which is both ſinne and follie. But I tell them that they ought to reioyce, becauſe they are reſted from their Labours, becauſe they are paſſed from Death to Life, becauſe they are bleſſed. For Wretch, Oh Wretch that I am! Who ſhall deliuer mee out of this body of ſinne?

The body which you haue loſt, is but a bodie of ſinne, it is but a priſon of the Soule, as Father

ther Dauid ſpeaketh, it is but a burthen of the Soule: ſo that by death they are deliuered from ſinne to ſafetie, from impriſonment to libertie, from a yoke of miſery, to endleſſe felicity: and therefore, oh wretch that I am! who ſhal deliuer me from this body of ſinne? Paul indeede knewe that this worlde was an exile, and Heauen his country, that he was a pilgrime, this world but an Inne, and heauen his home: nay at a ſight of his owne Countrey when hee was wrapt, he ſawe at his owne home, whence by ſinne hee was baniſhed in Adam, ſuch ioyes as Eye neuer ſawe, nor Eare hearde, nor Heart euer conceiued. Theſe are the ioies which ſhall

mall endure for euer, for number vnmeasurable, for durance perpetuall, and without end or period. And therefore let euerie Christian be ready and willing, in ioy of Spirit to welcome Death, and in token thereof learne to crie out with Paul: Oh wretch that I am! who shall deliuer mee from this Body of sinne?

Let vs account our selues wretched, as long as we carry this VVeede of earth about vs, vntill our Soules bee vncased, and wee deliuered from this body of sinne. But if examples will not bee of force to schoole vs, yet let Nature speake and preuaile. The second causes whereof you are made, are the foure

toure Elements, which concur to the constitution of euery mixt creature, and being euer at combat, doo also naturally worke in the Shipwracke of the same, according to the common axiome and rule of nature. The causes of corruption are all one with the causes of generation: and therefore vnlesse we will denie nature, and bee vnthankeful to God for our creation, wee maie not in anie case feare death, which is mothered vppon nature, our common and generall mother. But if neither example, nor nature will preuaile, yet let the authoritie of our Heauenlie Creator, and his wisedome, compell vs to welcome death,

and to accept willingly the condition of our bodies.

Our bodies and soules God created, he made them by the power of his almightie hande, and hath lent them vnto vs but for a time to vse, till mother earth require the bodie, and hee our soules. For, as of earth wee came: so into earth wee must returne again: and therefore, vnles we will be vnthankefull to nature, and rebellious to God, wee must bee willing to paie our debts vnto him, least if wee do it not, hee cast vs into prison, till we haue paide the vttermost farthing. So much for thy body.

Now consider thy soule. As thy bodie is a prison, so is thy soule

ſoule during this pilgrimage a priſoner: as it is a bodie of ſinne, ſo is thy ſoule lodged in a ſtinking priſon: as it is of earth, earthly: ſo is thy ſoule an exile from Heauen, heauenlie: and therefore to feare death, it is to feare the deliuerie of thy ſoule from priſon, which is meere follie: it is to wiſh a ſtinking lodging, and a filthy Cage to dwell in, and euer to carry it about thee, which is extreme miſery: it is to wiſh thy continuall baniſhment from the ioyfull realme of heauen, thy naturall Countrey, which is extreme madneſſe. So that, vnles you will be counted fooliſh, wretched, careleſſe, and mad, who are willed to bee as wiſe as

Serpentes, you must in no case feare death, which is the best ghest that euer came to the godlie. For nowe there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Iesus, but blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

## The second Weapon.

*Consider thy selfe.*

IT is short, vncerteine, and miserable. *It is short:* for man that is borne of a woman hath but a short time to liue: the daies of man are the daies of an hirelinge, yea wind, and nothing: as father Iob telleth vs. A man in his time is but grasse, and flourisheth as a flower of the fielde.

For

For as ſoone as the wind goeth ouer it, it is gone, and the place therof knoweth it no more: as the prophet Dauid teacheth.

There is a time to be borne, and a time to die. And man is like a thing of naught, his daies paſſe away like a ſhaddowe. It is the proclamation of the Lord, vttered by Eſaie, that all fleſh is graſſe, and al the glory of man as the flower of graſſe. And it is tolde vs by Paul, that here we haue no continuing Citie, but we ſeeke for one to come. This is it which is ſhadowed vnto vs in ſundry ſimilitudes. Iames ſaieth: Our life is euen a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vaniſheth away. Our

daies on the earth also are but as a shadowe, and there is none abiding. They are like a bubble in the water, like a VVeauers shuttle, like a smoke, they are like a thought, soone conceiued, and soone ended. Daylie experience dooth teach vs thus much. For we see, that by some storme or other, the greene Apple falleth before the mellowed fruite, the lambe is brought to the slaughter-house as well as the sheepe, the chicken is killed for the broch as wel and sooner than the cock: yoong men passe away as well as old, our daies are short, our life is as the shadow.

Now therefore reason with me. Shall we feare death for the

losse

losse of a shadow? shall we by sighs and sobs storme against the Lord for the losse of a vapour? nay, shall we not rather be glad to forgo the shadow, and by death desire to be knit more fully to our Body Iesus, whereof we are members in faith and hope? O ye of little faith, crie vnto the God of Heauen: Lord increase our faith, Be content to leaue this vapourous life, and welcome death, and crie in a full beliefe. Come Lord Iesu, come, shorten these latter daies for thine Elect sake, and saue vs. Saue vs, O Lord, saue vs, haue mercy vppon vs, and helpe vs, helpe Lord, and by a blessed death cite vs to appeare before thee. For one

daie in thy court, is better than a thousand elsewhere: Amen.

Secondly, consider that thy life is vncerteine. For death is like a theefe, that commeth at vncerteine houres, she is like a thunderclacke, that soundeth on a sudden: yea, this life is so vncerteine, that Death maie aske his due in the swathe loath, and none be able to resist him. He is alwaies a Prince, he raigneth not onelie in the Haruest, but also in the Springtime, and summer. Young men and babes, olde men and maides, greene and ripe, all are one: death excepteth no persons, he regardeth not our yeares, but with his Sythe on a sudden hee cutteth all downe. So that our life

is

is like a ruinous house, alwaies readie to fall: like a thin threed, alwaies readie to rotte: like a running cloud, whereof wee are vncerteine, where and when it falleth. This cloud sometimes melteth in the cradle, sometimes in the chaire. Death is like the Sunne, whensoeuer it shineth, it melteth our cloudie life, bee the cloud thereof neuer so thin or thicke in yeares.

Our life nowe being as vncerteine as the Weathercocke, which turneth at euerie blast; or like the waue, which mounteth at euerie storme; or like the reede, which boweth at euerie whisteling winde: why should wee loue it, and not rather loath it, in comparison of

the euerduring life of the Heauenlie citizens, whereunto by death we passe in mercie, Oh that all Christians woulde ingraue in their hearts, the wauering daies of this vncertaine life, and consider and looke for, in a full faith, the certainty of that ioifull life, whereunto death doth bring vs; For then woulde wee, that saile as Pilgrimes on the waters of this worlde, and are tossed dangerouslie by sundrie Pyrates, the flesh, sin, and the diuell, desire, and with hearty prayer craue of the Lord, that in the barke of a liuelie faith, by his mariner death, he wuold carry vs to the certaine and blessed life of his saints.

If

If we were thus godlie wise, to consider the vncertaintie of this momentanie life: or so happie, as to ponder the eternall felicitie of Ierusalem, and restfull Canaan, we woulde rather ioy and bee merrie, when sicknes and death shall visit vs, than mourne and sorrowe for it. For they are the Lords Ambassadoures, which are sent to bring vs tidinges, that dinner and supper is readie, and the banquet of glorie to bee ministred: and that wee must come without tarrying to marrye him, and to enioie him face to face, euen as hee is: and therefore with willing minde to paie our debted bodies to mother earth, whereof we borrowed them:

them: and to him our ſoules, that hee maie marrie them in the couenaunt of his eternall mercies.

We are borne into this world naked, our heritage is ſinne and miſerie, our life is labour and ſorrowe, wee our ſelues are but Tenantes vnder motherearth, concerning our bodies: and vnder GOD, concerning our ſoules: which God, our God of ioie, and father of comfort, by his owne Sonne, hath bought vs an inheritance immortall, and vndefiled for euer, vnto the which by ſickneſs and death, as the meſſengers of his will, hee calleth vs.

Is all this ſo? and ſhall wee feare death? no: for ſhame let

vs

vs bid adiew to this short and vncertaine life, and receiue death in ioie of spirite, as an accomplishment of the obligation of his couenant, wherewith hee bounde himselfe, of meere mercie, beyonde our merite, that wee shoulde neuer see death, but haue euerlasting life.

Vnlesse therefore you will mourne against death, because by it you passe from an vncerteine, to a certeine life: from these sorrowing and wauering daies, to an euerlasting and incorruptible inheritance: and so shewe your selues rather willing to haue the fleshpottes in Aegypt for euer, than to passe to heauen, and to eate of comfortable

fortable manna, not in the Wilderneſſe, but in new Ieruſalem: ſee that ye feare not death, but loue it, and welcome it, whenſoeuer the Lord will ſend it vnto you.

Thirdlie, conſider thy life is miſerable. It is not onely ſhort, but alſo miſerable: yea, I may well tearme it a Kingdome of miſerie. Newe borne babes do what they can, to perſwade vs of the trueth of this matter. For they begin not this life with ſmiling countenance, but with weeping eies. By their crie, what elſe dooth nature ſing or ſignifie vnto vs, but that thorough our ſinnes, our life is become a continuall warfare, and the World our enemie, euen a vale

vale of miſerie, beſette with thornes to pricke vs on euerie ſide.

Righteous Abell founde in his life time a thorne of his owne bloud to trouble him, euen Caine his owne brother, to bathe his blade in his bloud, and villanouſly to murther him. Iohn Baptiſt, the bright Day-ſtar, and forerunner of Chriſt, the ſunne of righteouſneſſe, hee founde a thorny Herode to behead him, and holie Stephan, ſtonie Iewes to diſpatch him. Yea, what is this life but a fardle of miſerie, wherein Chriſt our bleſſed ſauiour taſted of nothing, but of the ſower Grape of perſecution? For, no ſooner was this Lambe of God come

into

into the world: but Herod, by the decree of his hellish conuocation, was readie to deuourhim: this was a miserie to mother Marie. And marueilously doth it paint out the misery of this life, that the honnie Babe Iesus, the verie Lambe of God, and light of this worlde is so welcomen into the Worlde, which intended mischiefe.

And where he, by the prouidence of his heauenlie Father, escaped the snare of the rauenous Fowler, yet for his sake do the children and sucklinges of Bethleem, and all the coastes thereof, as many as were two yeares olde and vnder, preach vnto vs the miserie of this our life. The voice that was heard

in

in Ramah, mourning, weeping, and great lamentation. Rachel weeping for hir children, without all comfort, becauſe they were not, teacheth vs, and crieth out vppon the miſerable life of man.

If all careles Epicures would aske the iudgement of Father Iob in this caſe, hee woulde expounde the myſticall cries of tender ſucklinges, that man, which is borne of a woman, hath not onelie a ſhort time to liue, but alſo a miſerable life to lead: that his life is a warfare, continuall labour and ſorrowe. This iudgement of Iob, without all doubt, was rooted in him and his Brother Ieremie. And thereof it came, without queſtion

queſtion, that they did curſe not onely the day of birth, but alſo him that brought the meſſage to their Father, that a child was borne. They had fully conſidered the degrees of their miſery. Their birth place was but a foule and filthy dungeon, they themſelues were but a ſubſtance of blood, and inſtruments of their Mothers: their nouriſhment little better than venom, and their birth not without extreme pains of their deere mother, and violent offence of their tender bodies.

They knew throughly that they were conceiued in filth, and vncleannes, borne in ſinne and care, and nouriſhed with paine and labour. They did know

know themselues to haue beene like crauling wormes, and that at their entry into this worlde they were apparelled with blood. And therefore considering their miserable condition, they cursſed the day of their wretched birth.

Yea, this made Father Ieremie to wish, that his mothers VVombe had serued for his tombe: and father Esay to bewaile his birth, and to murmur against the knees that helde him vppe, and also the breasts that gaue him sucke. They had fully conceiued, that man was made of the slime of the earth, conceiued in sinne, borne in paine, and at the last made a prey for wormes. This misery

of

of mans life had they fullie digested, and therefore wished to haue died before they were borne.

Come hither now, beloued Christians: wee are manie an ace short of Iob, Ieremie, or Esay, in life and in iudgement. One, after a through sifting of this miserable life, wished that his mothers wombe had beene his tombe: another murmured at the paps that gaue him suck: the third cursed the daie of his birth: and not onely that, but him also that first declared it. Did they so little set by this miserable life, as to curse it: and so little loue the pappes that nourished them, as to murmur against them: yea, the verie

rie knees that helde them vppe; and by reaſon of this wretched pilgrimage, to bee ſo wearie of this life, as to wiſhe they had beene buried in their Mothers wombe? and ſhall wee feare death?

They wiſhed they had neuer liued: and ſhall we, for feare of Death, wiſh euer, or a long time to liue? they curſſed the daie of their birth, who were holy men: and ſhall we weepe for the daie of death? the verie ende of their wiſh? did they murmure againſt the paps that gaue them ſucke, and ſhall not we welcome death, when the Lord ſendeth him? naie, they murmured euen againſt the knees that did beare them vp: and

and shall not we bee willing to surrender heade, feete, handes, heart, knees, and all, to mother earth, and to salute death in ioie of spirit?

Fie for shame! and out vpon vs! if we doo not willinglie and merilie wish, and crie: Thy Kingdome come, O father of heauen! Come Lorde Iesus, come. Let vs denie the olde man, and cherish our hope that wee haue in the full merites of Christ: that when the Lorde shall call, wee may come vnto him, without anie rebellion. And as for death, account of it but as a most blessed ende or period of this wretched life, and an axe that cutteth off all miseries: and therefore feare it not.

The

## The third weapon.

*Consider the commodities of Death.*

WEare tossed & turmoiled vppon the seas of this world, we with many a dangerous tempest: euen till wee be weary, or at least shoulde be with holie Paul, of our short, vncertaine, and miserable liues: and then dooth the Lord, euen of mercie, call vs to rest and ioie with his Saintes in heauen: that resting from our labours, we maie continuallie praise him with the bande of his Holy Angelles.

By death hee deliuereth vs from danger, and therefore to arme

arme vs against the feare thereof, it pleased the holie Spirit, to call death a sleepe: by the which being dispatched of all aduersities wee are brought to our graues, therein to lie, as it were in a soft Featherbed, and in a sweete sleepe, abiding the comming of Christ our Lorde, when he shall knocke at the bed and call vs vppe, to liue for euer with him, and his Holie Angels.

Death therfore doth not swallow vp our bodies, though for a time they must lie in the bellie of mother Earth. For Death is a sleepe, and as vnpossible as it is, that a whole man, beeing in a sound sleepe, shoulde not wake vp againe: euen so vnpossible

is

is it, that a Christian shoulde continue in death for euer. And as for this sleepe, it is but a short sleepe: for the daye is at hand, and the time of iudgement draweth neere, vvhen dead bodies shall arise, and the earth shall render them vp, that bee in her, that meeting and appearing together, with our beloued friendes, and set vpon the right hand of his blessing, vvee may, as liuely members be fully knitte in our body Iesus Christ.

So that death is but a sleepe, and a short sleepe, out of the which, we, and all our brethren, Sisters and friendes that are departed in the Lorde, shall rise, more fresh than euer we were,

to leaue this fraile and earthlie body, and to haue it made like to the glorious bodie of Iesus Christ.

And who now would feare death? or who should grudge at the Lorde, for casting vs asleepe? death is a sleepe, the earth is the Christians mannes Featherbed where he must lie, till the Trumpet shall sound to awake him, and call him to iudgment. VVho will murmur against this necessitie? or rather against this mercie? for mercy it is, that wee die but for a time, or rather sleepe for a time: vvhere, of merite, vvee should die for euer.

And therefore vnles by your gronings and sighings you will

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exclaime against the mercie of the Lord, by the which you are saued, doo not feare death, or murmur against him: but blesse him with Father Iob, and thank him heartilie, that he hath granted thee thy daylie petition, wherein thou prayest, saying: Our Father which art in Heauen, thy will be doone, deliuer vs from euill.

For, as for the first, his will is doone, whensoeuer any man dieth. The very farthing Sparrowe cannot fall, without his prouidence: the haires of our head cannot perish, without his will: much lesse dieth anie man without his will, who far surpasseth all farthing Sparrowes. So that to with them

aliue that are departed in peace, it is to vvish, that GOD his wil vvere not doone: and what is that, but to wish, that GOD were no God? For if God be God, his will is iust, and must needs be doone.

But as for many, they will acknowledge that the will of God is doone: againe, that his will was iust in calling for their Children, whome he had but lent them for a time: and yet will carry a biting sorrowe in their harts, and so will they go neere to bring death vppon themselues. But to such mourning mothers I saie, VVhy do you mourne? this life is a warfare, death is a sleepe. Why do you mourne? this life is short, by

by condition, and full of miſeries: by death they are bleſſed, and reſt from their labors.

Why do you mourne? this life is a vapour: by death, for a Vapour, they poſſeſſe an heauenlie and euerduring inheritance. VVhy do you mourne? doe you not thinke that Heauen is better than earth: that the company of Angels, Archangels, Patriarches, Prophetes, Apoſtles, Martyrs, Confeſſors, Virgines, and the holy ones of God, is better than the fellowſhip of men, and the company of beaſts.

Doe you not beleeue, that ioye is better than ſorrowe? that life eternall is better than this ſhort, vaine, and vile life?

that it is better to see God face to face, and to followe the Lambe Iesus in heauen, in fulnesse of ioie to possesse him, at his heauenly Table to banquet with Father Abraham, Isaac, and Iacob, than to dwell with you? all our fare in this worlde is dung, in respect of the heauenlie meate, vvhich Christ dooth set before them that are passed by death to life: and why then do you mourne?

Mourne not for them, for they are happie: happie and thrise happie are they. But mourne for your selues, that be not so luckie as they: to be taken from this Vale of miserie, to the store-house of felicitie, as they are. For by death they

they are not dead, but by death they are passed to life, to such a life as passeth all vnderstanding, the ioies vvhereof doo surmount the conceipt and thought, not onlie of man, but also of angels and archangels.

But miserable are you, which doo yet carrie about you this earthly Tabernacle: yea, euen in this one thing you are miserable, vnles you repent, that you mourne for the death of your friends or children. For in that you denie the will of God to be iust, for that he hath made man of earth, earthie and mortall.

Mourne for this your vnbeliefe, mourne for this your sinne, weepe for the sinnes of your

youth, for your secrete sinnes: and desire God to wipe and to vvash your soules from all infection of sinne, that beeing prepared by death to followe your friends and children, you may with willing heartes in a liuelie fayth, giue a farevvell to this worlde, and be readie to marrie Christ Iesus in glorie: to whome bee all glorie, Amen.

# A battel betweene the *Diuell and the conſcience:*

Wherein al true chriſtians *are taught how to oppoſe and ſet* themſelues againſt the aſſaults *of their Archaduerſarie Satan,* made in forme of a Dia*logue, by the ſaid* E. H.

*Satan.*

THou art a Sinner, and therefore the child of wrath.

*Conſcience.* I am a ſinner Satan: I confeſſe it, that in mee, that is, in my fleſh,

dwelleth no good thing, vvhich may moue my Lord to take pitie vpon me: but yet I denie thy consequent. For though I bee a sinner, yet shall not my sinnes preuaile against mee. For behold (saith Iohn,) The Lambe of God hath taken away the sinnes of the vvorlde, hee hath condemned sinne in the flesh, so that now there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Iesus.

*Sat.* I grant that there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ, but such are in Christ, vvhich walke not after the flesh as thou dooest, continually hoording vp trespasse vpon trespasse against the day of iudgement.

*Con.*

*Con.* Thou lieſt Satan. I vvalke not after the fleſh, but vvith Paule I will the thing that is good, though I bee not able to perfourme it, by reaſon of that combat, which is between the fleſh and the ſpirite. Indeed at the leaſt I ſinne ſeauen times a daye: but notwithſtanding, auoid Satan: For Iohn telleth mee, that if anie man ſinne, vvee haue an Aduocate, vvith the Father, Ieſus Chriſt the righteous, and hee is the propitiation for the ſinnes of the world.

*Sat.* But how knoweſt thou that he will be thine Aduocate? For hee is a righteous Mediatour, and therefore hee will not deale for thee a miſerable ſinner.

ſinner.

*Con.* I knowe it Satan, that he will be mine Aduocate. For ſo his holie worde preacheth vnto me, which is the worde of Chriſt the euerlaſting trueth, which I by his grace will neuer miſdoubt. And herein thou ſheweſt what thou haſt beene, euen from the beginning a lyer. For Iohn telleth mee, that If any man ſinne, yet there is an Aduocate, and a righteous Aduocate, euen Ieſus Chriſt the righteous.

*Sat.* Yea, but how dareſt thou looke vppe to heauen, and flie to this Aduocate, thou beeing a vile ſinner, and he a righteous GOD?

*Con.* In a full faith of his mercie,

cie, Satan, I dare goe to him, For hee crieth to all laden and labouring Chriſtians: Come vnto me. And why then ſhould I feare to goe vnto him? eſpeciallie, ſince he hath promiſed to refreſh me, If I come vnto him.

*Sat.* Thou mayeſt goe vnto him, but thou ſhalt find him a Iudge. For he will neuer refreſh thee with mercie, but puniſh thee with deſerued iudgement, and reward thee according to thy deſerts.

*Con.* Auoid Satan: for thou lyeſt. I will goe to him in aſſurance of his mercy: for hee is trueth, and cannot faile in his promiſe. Hee will indeed reward me according to my deſerts:

serts: but what deserts? Christ his desertes are my deserts: hee by his death deserued life for me and all the vvorlde, not for himselfe, but for vs, according to the saying of Peter. He bare our sinnes in his body. And therefore, sith Christ by his full obedience, hath deserued life, my desert in him is life. And therefore will I dare to goe vnto my Lorde and my God, for I am sure of mercy.

*Sat.* I am the prince of darknes, and all sinners belong to my Kingdome. For the reward of sinne is death, and therefore assure not thy selfe of mercy, for that is in vaine.

*Con.* Auoid Satan. For what though thou bee the Prince of darke-

darkeneſſe, yet doo I ſet thee at naught. I am a ſinner, but what of that Satan? my ſinnes haue loſt their ſting, and ſo mayeſt thou gape for a pray, and goe without a reward. For in the bloud of Ieſus Chriſt am I purged from my ſinnes, yea, from all my ſinnes, the ſinnes of my childhood, my youth, my olde age, committed in thought, worde, or deede: whatſoeuer they haue beene, are, or ſhal be, they are drowned in the bottom of the Sea, and ſo couered in mercy, that the Lord will neuer remember them.

*Sat.* Thou lieſt Conſcience. For the Lord is iuſt, and therefore hee will remember them, that he may puniſh them.

*Con.*

*Con.* The Lord is righteous, thou fowle diuell: iuſt, and true are all his waies, but yet thou lyeſt in thy conſequent: for it ſtandeth not with his iuſtice, to remember our ſinnes, that he may puniſh vs, whoſe ſinnes he hath puniſhed in his Sonne Chriſt. Chriſt Ieſus, by his death, hath deliuered vs out of debt to the vvrath of his Heauenlie Father, and purchaſed vs remiſſion of ſins. And therefore I am ſure that as GOD is iuſt: ſo he will not remember my ſinnes to puniſhe them in me againe, ſith his Sonne hath paid his debt for mee. For it is againſt iuſtice, that any debt ſhould be twiſe paide, or twiſe required.

*Sat.*

*Sat.* Though Christ once died, to saue thee from sinne: yet haue I thine euill life to laie against thee, for the which thou art and shalt be mine.

*Con.* Christ indeede died to saue me, and by his owne death hath he fullie bought me from the wrath of his Father. And I confesse Satan, to my Lord, that I haue not liued after his lawe, but manie waies transgressed his Holie vvill: but what then, thou fowle spirit, am I thine? no Satan, no. For the Lord hath mercy in store for euery Publican vvhen he craueth it, be he neuer so ill a liuer. He is at this point vvith vs, Aske and haue. I will therefore aske mercy of God, vvho gaue his owne Son,

by

by his bloudie death to ſaue mee: and I am ſure that I ſhall haue my ſuite. For he hath ſpoken it, and cannot lie. Thou lieſt therfore, for I am not thine. But thou ſaieſt that I am, and ſhall be thine. Auoid Satan, auoid like a coward. For he that is with me, hath broozed thy head, euen the mightie Lion of the Tribe of Iudah, that hath promiſed to be with his Church euen till the end of the world: he is with me, and if he be with me, who can be againſt me? doo not therefore crake of this Satan, that I am an euill liuer, and therefore thine. Giue ouer thy combat; for if thou do not, I will call vppon my Captaine Michael, by the power of his

Angelike

Angelike band to daſh thee out of countenance, who did beate thee in heauen, and all thy helliſh army.

*The call of Conſcience in conflict for ſuccour againſt preſent danger.*

THE Diuell, O Lord, like a rauenous lion doth ſeeke to teare the Lambe of thy paſture: and vnleſſe thou helpe, there is none other waie, but to the ſlaughterhouſe. It hath beene a continuall practiſe of his, euen from the beginning, to rob thy children of the riches of their redemption, wrought & accompliſhed by the bloodſhed of thy beloued ſon.

He ſometh like a bore of the deſert,

desert, and seeketh by violence to breake into the Vineyard of my soule, which thy hands, O thou heauenly Husbandman, haue planted. Vp therfore, and arise, O gracious God, and good Shepheard of my soule. And as thou hast promised, so be thou with mee in time of this my skirmish, that I may giue Satan the foile, and sleepe safely vnder the wings of thy mercy, with whome is store of mercy To thee be al glory both now and euer, Amen.

# The dead mans *Schoole*:

VVherein Death teacheth *all Estates and degrees, from* the Prince to the begger, ma-*nie notable lessons, most ne-*cessarie to be learned: *made by the said* E. H.

APproch ye Sonnes of Adam, you that are as I was: and shall bee as I am. Drawe neare, and learne those things diligentlie, wherein I shall instruct you.

First I would haue you to learne

learne this leſſon, that as ſinne came in by Adam, ſo by ſinne death as a due rewarde followed. And therefore, vvhen you looke vppon mee, remember whence you are fallen in Adam from grace into ſinne, from ſin into death: and thereupon ſorrowe for your ſinnes, and prepare your ſelues to death. For it is the way of all fleſh.

There is a time to be borne in ſinne, and a time to die for the ſame: all fleſh is graſſe, ye muſt all wither and fade with the flower. This naturall death, which followeth the combat of the Elementes and ſinne, ſhall creepe vpon your mortall limbs: for as the Sunne hath an Eaſt to riſe in, ſo he hath a Weſt to fall in:

in: euen so you shall all danse with me one daie, and this daie is vncertaine, no man knoweth when it shall come. For it shall come at vnawares vppon you, and therefore doo good, and eschew euill, sin not, least a woorse thing than this naturall death doo happen vnto you. For if you doo still wallow in sin, answere me, what if death suddenly strike you with his dart, as he dooth manie men: how would you be able to stand in the iudgment of God?

Therefore leaue off in time, and liue like Christians, that GOD yet at the least, seeing your liues are so wicked, maie find a good will and purpose in you towardes a godlie conuersation.

lation. Do we not ſtill hold the ſame pace, like old car-horſes, but repent and amend, for the kingdome of God is at hand.

Secondly, when you ſee me remember the ſpirituall death of Adam, wherein you are all vvrapped, by nature borne in ſinne, and Children of vvrath. Dead you are in Adam, ſtarke dead in your ſinnes, vntill the Lord do regenerate you anew with his holy Spirite, and water your barren nature vvith the drops of his grace.

And herein ſee that you doo acknowledge your weaknes, or rather your miſerie: that by ſinne you are dead, euen without life by nature, and without anie power to attayne vnto life,

life, as I am and ſhall be, vntill the Lorde doe knocke at my bed and raiſe mee from death to life, to liue with him for euer.

Auoyde ſinne therefore, as your deadly enemie, which would rob you of life, and fetter you in bondes of eternall death: and crie vnto the Lorde for helpe. For without him, againſt this enemie, you can doe nothing. Crie with the Prophet Dauid, Create, O Lord, a new heart, and renewe a right ſpirite within vs, that being quickened againe by the dewe of his bleſſing, and ſtrengthened with the armour of grace, you may be able to withſtand the furie of Sathan, and con-

ſtantly to endure the battell of a raging conſcience.

Thirdlie, when you looke vpon mee, remember whereof you are, euen of earth: no better than duſt and aſhes, to the which I nowe returne. And therefore to the loftie minded man I ſay; duſt and aſhes, why art thou proude? for earth thou art, and to earth thou ſhalt, and become a praye for gnawing wormes.

Decke thy bodie neuer ſo glorioufſlie, tie iewels aboute thy necke, lade thy fingers with ringes, ſit at thine ouerrunning tables and make merrie, deſpiſe all men: yet I tell thee, thou art duſt, as I am, ſo ſhalt thou bee.

Thy

Thy bodie shal stinke, which now thou enbaulmest: thy loftie looke shall be humbled, the wormes shall feede vpon thee. Looke vpon me, and thinke vpon thy selfe, be not as thou art: but thinke vpon me, and what thou shalt be, and follow him that is able of dust to raise thee to life, and crieth vnto thee: Be humble and meeke as I am.

If thou refuse this exhortation, remember that pride shall haue a fall: that earth is heauie by nature, and falleth: that hee that exalteth himselfe shall bee humbled, and he that humbleth himselfe shall be exalted.

Acknowledge therefore that earth is thy mother, which is the baseſt of all other elements

and followe Christ thy maister, and onely guide to his father in ioie: that out of earth hee may raise thee to heauen: and after thy resurrection, for thine earthie and stinking bodie, giue thee a glorious and immortall bodie that thou mayest shine with him like a star in the kingdome of glorie.

Fourthly, let all couetous persons looke vppon mee, and amend their euill liues. For as I came naked into this world, so did they: and as I carrie nothing with mee but my winding sheete, euen so shall they. Their riches, the pelfe of this world shall they leaue behinde them, which they haue gathered in paine, and hourded vp with

with greedy mindes.

Oh you hungrie Lyons! you are alwaies gaping for the prey, you are euer hungrie, and neuer satisfied: get you neuer so much by hooke or by crooke, by violent iniurie, or byting vsurie. But looke you vpon me. For an ell of earth nowe shall serue mee, and so must it serue you, whome nothing may suffice in this world.

Sorrowe therefore, and amende in time. For you were not borne to gather worldlie substaunce: but to serue poore Iesus, who of God made himselfe poore to enrich you. You were not borne to continue in this world.

No, you haue no continuing

citie heere, but you must looke for another, euen Heauen, whence you are nowe exiled, and therefore you must seeke the things that be aboue. Your conuersation must bee in Heauen.

You must not tie your hearts to the earth, and hourd vp the pelfe of this worlde, least the verie mothes and rust of your treasure crie for a plague vpon and against you in the daie of vengeance. For die you must one day, and be as I am, and so rest in the bellie of mother earth, vntill the day of accounts, when God shall rewarde euery man according to his deserts.

Fifthlie, let all enuious persons, and euill willers beholde my

my heart: let all bloud ſhedders looke vppon my feete, all backbiters, ſlaunderers and curſers, marke my tongue: all robbers and vſurers viewe my handes: all couetous perſons note my winding ſheete: all ſelfelouers and proud men gaze vpon my face and hollowe eyes. Let all men looke vpon me and amend their liues, for as I am, euen ſo ſhall they be.

Sixtly, let all Chriſtians looke vppon me, courtiers and countrie men, highe and lowe, rich and poore, yoong and olde, noble and vnnoble: all let them looke vpon mee, and remember their end. Die they ſhall all: this let all remember, that they may neuer ſinne.

Let all swearing belly-gods, all selfe-louers, men or women, that monstrously disguise chast nature, and paint their bodies, which are stinking toombes of their seelie soules, with intollerable vanities, let all that care for beauties hewe looke vpon mee, and iudge of their owne vanitie, and condemne themselues, least they bee iudged of the Lord.

For their broydered hayre, their faced and defaced apparell, their superfluous lasings, their sumptuous Veluets and silkes, their golden caules, their wrought clothes, their ringed fingers, and their costlie fare in this worlde, which Lazarus wanteth, they are all vanitie, neither

neither ſhal they redeeme them but to earth they ſhall, and vaniſh with the vapour.

They ſhal all ſleepe with me, and they ſhall bee one day no better than I am: worms meat, ſtinking carcaſes, duſte and aſhes they ſhall bee, whatſoeuer they doe appeare to the fooliſh world.

Kinges and Princes, magiſtrates and ſubiectes, ſchollers and maiſters, rich and poore, all may looke vpon me. For I am able to teach them a leſſon, which they forget daily: That earth they are, and vnto earth they muſt with mee one daie, and noe man knoweth howe ſoone. Diſdaine not to learne this at me: for I teach you the truth

truth, which one daie you your ſelues ſhall approoue to be very true.

Seuenthlie, let all mourning mothers and ſorrowing friends, let them giue ouer vveeping and vnchriſtian waylig For that cannot helpe them, becauſe it grudgeth and complaineth againſt the will of God: but rather let them bee merrie and reioice.

For behold, this life is a warfare, euen a continuall warfare, as Iob calleth it, and death is a ſleepe, a ſweete ſleepe, ſo that by it I reſt from my labours, I am deliuered from daunger to ſafetie, from labour to ioye, from trauell to reſt, from paine to pleaſure, and lie in the earth

as

as it were in a bed, till I must rise to iudgement.

This is the luckie estate of them that are dead in the Lord. And therefore did father Simeon desire to departe in peace: and Paule counted himselfe a wretch because hee was not deliuered from this bodie of sinne.

So that you haue no cause to mourne for your friendes, who by death are passed beyonde death: euen to life, to liue with GOD, and to see him face to face, euen as hee is. But rather you haue cause to reioice, because by death they are taken into ioie, to bee where Christ Iesus is.

The dead man is but a sleepe, he

he is not dead but for a time, and at length hee ſhall awake, euen by the ſounde of a trumpet and crie of an Archangell, to ſee his redeemer in heauen, where hee with thee and thou with him, and the heauenly army of Angels and Saintes may liue for euer.

Looke vpon me, and remember this, all you that mourne for the death of your friendes. For bleſſed am I, and thriſe bleſſed. This worlde is an exile, Heauen my naturall countrey: and ſo by death I am deliuered frõ exile, and heerein I am verie happie.

This preſent world is euill, in heauen are ioies that paſſe ſenſe and conceit. And ſo by death

death in the Lorde I am freed from euill, and placed in ioie: and herein I am happie.

This worlde is no continuing Citie, but another, that is heauen, which when I liued, in faith I looked for: so that by death I am set in a permanent place, & herein am I happie.

This life is a pilgrimage, heauen my home: and so by death of a pilgrime, I am made a citizen, and herein I am happie.

To conclude, by death, from earth to heauen, from men to Angels, from warre to peace, from paine to pleasure, from griefe to euerlasting gladnesse, from vanitie and miserie to perpetuall felicitie I haue passed in peace, and herein I am happie.

So

So that death is not to bee feared, nor yet to be lamented: but rather welcome in ioy of spirit whensoeuer it commeth.

And for this are all Christians bound to render harty thankes vnto the Lorde, that hath turned the curse into a blessing, and by his precious death vpon the crosse made death no death but an entrie to life, a passage to ioie, a deliuery from miserie. For this blessing, blessed be the name of the Lorde, and let all people say, Amen.

Imprint these fewe lessons in your memories, and engraue them in the tables of your hearts. And thus farewel.

# A Lodge for Lazarus;

Wherein the poore and *friendleſſe are exceedinglie* comforted in ſpirit againſt all *kinde of calamities incident to* this temporall and miſerable life: made by the ſaid *E.H.*

THere are two ſorts of pilgrimes in the worlde, ſome are rich, and ſome are poore. Though the earth be the Lordes, and the riches thereof his owne poſſeſſions, though al men be his ſubiects, and haue de-

deſerued the like condition of life: yet to blaze his mercie and to open his iudgementes and iuſtice vnto the worlde, it hath pleaſed him to bleſſe ſome with ſtore of his goodnes, and to puniſh others with the waſte of his temporall bleſſings.

Thus with pouertie he beateth the poore to declare his iudgement againſt ſinne: and the rich man hee ſtoreth with aboundance to the manifeſtation of his vndeſerued mercie. By theſe his benefites vpon the ritche, and theſe his ſcourges laide vpon the poore, he crieth out to them: Sinne no more, alluring the one partie by faire and gentle, the other by ſharpe and bitter meanes vnto ſafe repen-

repentance.

The rich man he maketh his deputies on earth, or rather the ſtewardes of his familie, or rather the paterns of his mercie, to take pitie vpon the begger: when he craueth reliefe: euen as he hath taken cõpaſſion vpon them, who neuer deſerued it. And that they may vſe themſelues as ſhewers of his mercie, he hath promiſed that they ſhall alwaies haue the poore with them: this we ſee at this day.

What a band of beggers bee in euery place? the poore doe ſwarme in euerie corner, the fatherleſſe and widowes, yoong and olde, of all ages infinite doe grone and crie for verie neede. Some want cloth to couer their naked

naked bodies, some haue not meate to mittigate their hunger, some noe drinke to ease their thirst, some lie vnder hedges in steede of lodges, some are lame and cannot go, some are blinde and cannot see, some are deafe and cannot heare, some are dumbe and cannot speake, some are sicke, some are sore, of all people to the iudgement of the worlde most miserable: and therefore doe they seeme to make this complaint to God our heauenly father.

O Lorde thou hast created vs, thou hast framed vs: we are thy handyworke, and thou the potter that madest our grandfather Adam of the moulde of the

the earth. Was thy goodneſſe ſuch to make vs when we were not gentle Lord, and wilt thou beate vs nowe thou haſt made vs? O Lorde, where is thy mercie? is the eie of thy pitie dimmed? are the eares of thy wonted goodnes ſealed? what Lord, is the hand of thy fauour ſhortened? is the riuer of thy goodneſſe dried vp?

Shall wee hunger? nay, ſhall wee hungerſtarue for want of thy bleſſings? what now good Lorde? thy ſonne taught vs to praie, Our Father. Are we thy children, and thou our Father. Oh! where is thy fatherly prouidence, for beholde, O piteous Lord, wee are borne to nothing: beſides, skin, fleſh, and bones,

bones, we haue nothing in this world.

We poſt from place to place, and run from towne to towne, wee goe from houſe to houſe, wee crie for reliefe in thy name, we aske it for thy ſake: but alas good Lorde, wee can get nothing. If we be ſtrong though wee haue charge of children, wee are whipped, wee are ſtocked, wee are impriſoned, and howe not abuſed? if wee bee lame, dum, deafe, ſicke or ſore, we may crie: but alas, charitie is frozen, where one heareth, hundreds doe ſtop their eares, and are deafe at our ſuites.

O Lord, charitie is drowned, the beſt friend which we ſhould haue: harde hearts doe raigne, the

the stoutest enemy that we can haue: with this enemie we are assaulted almost in euerie place alas for pitie! pitie, sweet Lord is our request, haue mercie vpon vs. Looke vppon Lazarus our king and captaine: behold Lorde, he commeth to the rich mans gate, there he lieth, there he crieth; Crummes, crums he craueth to ease his hunger, but he cannot get them, dogs haue them, but Lazarus cannot haue them.

The dogs came to Lazarus and lickte his sores: but Dyues hath no feete to carrie him, no tongue to laie the playster of comfort to his earnest suite, no hande to helpe him, not a crum to feede him. Beholde Lorde, dogs

doggesare better vnto vs than Diues: nay, they are in better caſe then we are; for they haue the crums that falles from their maiſters table: but alas! Lazarus cannot come by them.

O Lorde, now where is thy wonted mercie? ſhall Lazarus want? ſhall he want the crums of breade to eaſe his hunger? what? ſhal he crie for them, and ſhall hee not haue them? ſhall he ſhout, but ſhall hee not be heard: what good Lorde: ſhall hee die for hunger, and Diues wallow in pleaſure?

What Lord: haſt thou loſt thy name God, which ſoundeth as much as good: thou art called *Deus, quaſi Dans*, and yet ſhall Lazarus want breade to re-

refresh him? This complaint of the poore man doeth gnawe him: nay, sometimes it quite deuoureth him.

But to lay a salue of comfort to this sore of Lazarus: O Lazarus, why doest thou weepe? why doest thou crie out? why doest thou seeme to blame the Lorde? he hath appointed Dives as a father to regard thee.

But what? doest thou come to his gate? Doest thou craue charitie, art thou denied it? the Lord commaunded it & therefore is the Lord iustified, when he is iudged. But Dives hath abused his benefits, and therefore shall he answere for it.

Let this be thy comfort: let this bee thy lodge to reste in, from

from all complaintes, that one daie God, who is charitie, ſhall iudge the worlde, the greateſt ſcourge that Dyues ſhall haue. Then ſhall he ſaie, as accounting that not doone vnto him, which was not doone vnto you. When I was hungrie, thou gaueſt me no meate, no not the crums that fell from thy table: when I was thirſtie, thou gaueſt mee noe drinke: when I was naked, thou didſt not clothe me; when I was in priſon thou didſt not comfort me; when I was harbourleſſe, thou didſt not lodge mee: giue an accompt of thy ſtewardſhip. Then ſhall he crie out, that he neuer ſawe him hungrie or thirſtie, or elſe he would haue refreſhed him: not

not impriſoned, or elſe hee would haue viſited him: not lodged, or elſe he would haue harboured him.

But this is all lies, and therefore will he ſay vnto him: *Neſcio*, I know thee not: Depart as curſed into euerlaſting fire, where ſhall bee weeping and gnaſhing of teeth.

Come hither crying Lazarus, thou that crieſt and ſhowteſt out vppon the Lorde, and vppon the tyrannie of worldlings: art thou ſicke? art thou ſore? art thou deafe? art thou dumbe? art thou naked? what? haſt thou no place to laie thy head in? come hither, for here are palaces of pleaſure to paſtime in, excellent turrets of

ioy to banquet in, and lodges of infinit comfort to harbour in. For what? haue you not had meate, when you haue craued it? or drinke when you haue asked it? haue you been in prison, and not visited? sicke and not comforted? sore and not eased? naked and not cloathed? wanderers and not succoured?

Beholde, in your behalfe Christ will iudge the rich and merciles gluttons of this world: and in the day of reuelation, you to your ioyous conquest, and to their vtter shame shall testifie and beare witnesse against them. This is the first lodge of comfort.

But yet there is another besides this: enter into that. Behold,

hold, when you asked relieſe, it was Chriſt that asked and was denied, ſo that in this worlde you beare an image of Chriſt, who came vnto his owne, and yet was not receiued, no not knowne: who had not his neſt, as the birdes of the ayre haue: nor his den to flie vnto, as the foxes haue: no not ſo much as a place to lay his head on.

He ſought once to harbour in Peters ſhip vpon a pillowe: but marke, the vvaues, the windes diſquieted the ſhippe, it frighteth Peter, poore Ieſus is pinched at, and awakened, ſo that he could not haue a good nap to comfort his wearineſſe in his harbouring place. Was this the eſtate of the maiſter?

then reſt in peace, and harbour in ioie. For the ſcholler is not aboue his maiſter.

Nay, doeth the tyrannie of Diues pinch him, when it pincheth you? doeth hee hunger, when you hunger? doeth hee thirſt, when you thirſt? is he naked, when you are naked? is he ſicke, when you are ſicke? is he ſore, when you are ſore? is he harbourleſſe, when you bee lodgles? what? doeth he ſmart, when you ſmart? doeth he crie for almes, when you craue? is it he that made you, he that ſaued you, he that ſpent his life and ſhedde his owne precious bloud to redeeme you from Satan, & yet will you complaine? Let it not be ſo, but in patience leane

leane vnto the louing Lord, and let him bee a palace of ioye to lodge and reſt in.

There is a thirde lodge of comfort for all Lazars. For the vncharitable dealing of Diues ſhall be his vtter ruine. If Diues haue ſhut his eare againſt thy crie: and denied to relieue thee in time of needie extremitie: if he haue not opened his heart to pitie thee, nor ſtretched out his arme to raiſe thee, when thou art fallen into miſerie: then wo, wo: a rod is at hand to beat him: O foole, this night the diuell ſhall fetch thy ſoule from thee. Heere is a glorious lodge of comfort for all Lazars.

If Diues haue his barnes filled with corne, his cheſts with

treature, his table furniſhed with plentie of meate, if hee haue all things at will: yet ſhall nothinge redeeme him from miſerie, if hee will not attende the piteous crie of Lazarus in time of extreme neceſſitie. For he that will not heare the poore when hee doeth crie: when he crieth himſelfe, the Lorde will him denie.

Hath Diues now denied you almes? then will the Lorde denie him mercie: will the Lorde denie him mercie, becauſe hee hath not pitied your miſerie? hath the Lorde ſuch care ouer your eſtate, that hee will reuenge it ſharplie, if you be not cheriſhed: and will you yet complaine? Fie, no, for ſhame: but

but let this bee a lodge for you to reſt in.

God is your gard, howſoeuer it go with you: you are his little ones, his dearlinges, and deerely beloued. If Diues doe abuſe you, if he doe not cheriſh you: beholde how hee loueth you, for Diues for your ſake ſhall ſuffer paines for euer.

You vvant foode in earth: but he ſhall want the bread of life in hell. You want drinke, but hee ſhall want euen a drop of water in hell to coole his flaming tongue. You wante in this worlde cloth to couer your nakedneſſe: but he ſhall want the white raiment of innocencie: and therefore wallowe in miſerie for euer. You wante

lodging here, but he ſhall want the lodge of ioye elſewhere. You cannot be his gheſt, but a worme for your ſakes ſhall be his gheſt euerlaſtingly.

Hee had ſtore of all thinges: what wanted hee? neither ſiluer nor golde to haue enriched you, nor meate to haue fedde you, nor drinke to haue eaſed you: he had cloth to haue couered you, crums of his table that would haue relieued you, hee had lodges wherein hee might haue graunted you harbours.

But ſee the iudgement of God for your ſakes. This Dines is not worth a drop of water in hel: for all his pleaſure, he reapeth laſting payne, for his me-

melodious harmonie, hee heareth howling & weeping, and gnashing of teeth. This is the wo that they shall swim in, that with Dives neglect the crie of seely Lazarus.

But yet view a fourth lodge of comfort, a princelie lodge, you band of beggers: approch and looke vp, what? was Lazarus clothed in sores? did no man visit or comfort him? had he no physitian, either by word or by worke to cure him? had hee no surgerie, but onely by dogs?

Nay, what? was he not onelie sore in bodie, but pinched in stomach? did he want food? nay, did he so hunger, that hee desired crummes of breade to

pleate the crie of his greedie ſtomach, and yet could he not get it?

What? are any of you in the ſame caſe? beholde a lodge of comforte: looke vp, and there you ſhal ſee Abrahams boſome, and Lazarus therein lodged. See, he that wallowed in ſores, & might haue waſhed in teares, ſuch was his miſerie to the eie of the world.

Beholde, hee that was not worth a crum of breade in this world, hee that had no lodge place to reſt in, nowe lodgeth in Abrahams boſome, an harborough of reſt.

What nowe you beggers, you that wander from place to place, and haue no reſting place

place to ſtaie in: nay, you that wander, and for want of charitie doe alwaies hunger: be patient, bleſſe God in your aduerſitie, and reſt in the lodge of Lazarus.

Diues was aboue Lazarus in this world: Diues waded in plentie, but Lazarus in pouertie: Diues ſate at his table, Lazarus at the gates: Diues healthie, Lazarus ſicke: Diues with a full belly, but Lazarus liued with an hungry ſtomach: and yet looke vp, and now you ſhal ſee Diues belowe, and Lazarus aboue him.

Diues in this world had rich men for his comates, gentiles and potentates for his gheſts: but now he keepeth companie with

with the Diuell and his angels. Lazarus in this worlde had no companie to comforte him: nay, he had none that alwaies tarried with him, but sickneſſe and pouertie: they were from time to time his two gheſts, and at Diues his gates the dogs too did viſit and licke him.

But now behold, Diues biteth the bread of miſerie in hell: but Lazarus lodgeth in Abrahams boſome, and now in heauen banquetteth at the table of euer-during ioye, with the Patriarches, Prophets, Apoſtles, Martyrs, and holie ones of God.

Oh! will the impatient Lazarus ſay: this is a heauie caſe, to be alwaies beaten with pinching

ching pouertie, alwaies to bite of ſorrowe, and neuer to liue at eaſe.

Surely if this be thy caſe, as thou moneſt: yet I ſay, looke vp to the lodge of reſte, euen Abrahams boſome: for though thou doe ſwim in ſeas of extremitie, yet thou doeſt banquet with Lazarus, who in this world did ſuffer pinching extremitie, and yet nowe he doeth reſt in peace.

But thou art beaten, thou ſaieſt: thou art buffeted: ſo was Lazarus. Oh! but thou art beaten ſore: ſo was hee. But yet thou ſingeſt on the ſame ſong: Thou art beaten.

Art thou beaten? then lodge in comfort. For better it is to be

be beaten with Lazarus, than damned with Diues: it is better to bee crosſed, than not crowned: it is better to be beaten, than not to bee chaſtiſed. For God receiueth no child, but whom he ſcourgeth.

But yet thou crieſt: Oh my life is miſerable! it is miſerable: then lodge in comfort. For miſerie is the high waie to felicitie.

Thou muſt bee buffeted, if thou wilt be ſaued: for he that will liue godlie in Chriſt Ieſu, muſt ſuffer perſecutions. I am the waie, ſaith hee. But what was his waie to heauen? a croſſe was his vvaie to the crowne, and thus woulde hee leade thee to immortall glorie.

What

What sayest thou now, Lazarus? hast thou any thing to complaine of? I hope these lodges of comfort doe please thee. But if they doe not, yet hearken a little.

Is thy life a castle of miserie, because thou art wrapt in pouertie? art thou a wretche of this worlde, because thou art clothed in sores? doest thou sing of nothing, but calamity, because health faileth thee, or store of temporal blessings? why then reason with me.

What if thou hadst the riches of Dives, his health, his wealth, his garners, his treasure, his lands, his cattell? yet vanitie of vanities, crieth the Preacher, and all is vanity.

Vanitie?

Vanitie? what? vanitie of vanities? nay, what? is all vanitie? riches, health, treasure, pleasure, wealth: is all woe? nay, is all vanity? vanitie, what? worth a nit? naie, worth nothing: and yet art thou troubled?

The rich men of this worlde doe fall into manie temptations, in so much that where they should be gods on earth, to helpe and to ayde the needie, when neede requireth: they prooue themselues cages of vncleane diuels.

Some lords of lands doe beg-ger their poore tenantes, they racke and impouerish them to better their owne estate: some hourde vppe corne for deere times,

times, to the vtter beggering of the poore, ſome haue catching hands, who though they haue enough, yet are alwaies catching and ſnatching at the widowes mite.

Vſurers or rather robbers, who haue enough but the rich? who want it but the poore? why want they it, but becauſe charitie is dead, and the rich are ſnared in deadly temptations? But yet they will be rich, they ſcrape and trauell for goods.

But what crie the proud and the rich men in the fift of Wiſedome? Oh! ſay they, what hath pride profited vs? or what hath the pompe of riches brought vs?

Come hither Lazarus, art thou

thou poore? desire not to bee rich: for this is the vsuall song of such as are rich in this world. Oh! what hath the pompe of riches brought vs? doe not riches better a man? nay, doeth not the pompe of riches bring any commodity with it.

What? can it not deliuer vs from dansing with death, from the gnawing worme, from the bed of earth? no though wee were as beautifull as Absolon, as long liued as Mathuselah, as eloquent as Cicero, as subtile as Aristotle: to end, as rich as Cressus, yet we must needs become wormes meate, and turne to dust and ashes.

How now Lazarus? what if thou hadst courtlye palaces to lodge

lodge in? exceſſiue plentie of all thinges? euen the pompe of riches? what ſhould they auaile thee? nothing: yea nothinge, and yet is pouertie a burden vnto thee?

It is the will of God Lazar, that thou ſhouldeſt be a Lazarus: and it is thy daily prayer, that his will be done: and it is his will to ſaue all men. But what? is it his will, that thou ſhouldſt be poore? and art thou not merie?

Is it his will to ſaue thee? nay, is it he that can onely ſaue thee? nay, is he woont to ſaue vs by croſſinge vs, that wee ſhoulde enter into heauen by many tribulations: and wilte thou not yet lodge in comfort?

Nay

Nay what? doeſt thou praie that the will of God be doone? if thou pray for it, as it ſtandeth thee vpon, ſo thou dooeſt wiſh it. Now his will is to beat thee with pouertie: thou praieſt for it, thou wiſheſt it. What now? doeſt thou wiſh it? and yet art thou ſad and penſiue?

Men are woont to ioie, yea and to reioice, when they haue their wiſhe? but thou haſt it: and wilte thou be ſorie? The Lord ſaith, nay the Lord ſweareth it, that Hee will not the death of a ſinner: and death is the due wages of thy ſinnes, the which of iuſtice hee might paie thee, but hee will not of mercie.

Will he not thy death, which

is

is due vnto thee? and yet doest thou complaine of pouertie, which is his will to laie vppon thee? let this bee thy lodge of comfort, that his mercie is our safetie: and that his will is nothing else but mercie: yea, though he doe beate and buffet vs neuer so much.

And to perswade vs in this point, who are so incredulous of nature from time to time, it hath pleased him to scourge his children, or rather to scoure the vessels of their hearts, the lodge place of his holie spirite, from the dregs of iniquity.

Caine was an heire, he possessed all, he was the childe of this world: but Abel, the child of God, hee had his name of vanity,

vanitie, his end was to be murthered, hee had his deathes wound, euen by his owne brother.

Looke vpon the whole colledge of Saints, and wee shall see some imprisoned with Ieremie, some beheaded with Baptist, some stoned with Steuen, some crucified with Christ Iesus, lapte in lothsome sores, wrapt in bandes of vtter extremitie with poore Lazarus: notwithstanding Diues the worldlinge wallowe in health and wealth.

Howe now Lazarus? looke vpon thy brethren, and be thou comforted: yea, if thou hast beene rich, euen as rich as Iob, if thou hast sate on the pinnacle, of

of pleasure, and mounted vppe with the highest trees: if thou hast flourished like the glorious lillie, and yet vpon a sudden wither awaie: if thou hast fallen from the top to the foote of a hill, that is, from prosperitie to aduersitie, and become a bare Iob, yet beholde the palace of comfort: I am sure, that my redeemer liueth, and that with these eies I shall see him, saith Iob.

Who was this Iob? a riche man he was, he had plentie of all thinges. God had blessed him with children, and vpon a sudden all is gone, oxen, camels, children and all. His own friendes doe forsake him, hee wadeth in wo and sicknes: and yet

yet theſe clubs cannot batter him downe, but ſtill he climeth to the lodge of comfort, ſaying: I am ſure that my redeemer liueth, and that with theſe eies I ſhall ſee him.

What though this earthie maſſe, our bodie, this duſtie tabernacle beſtormed and toſſed with the winter blaſtes of this worlde: what though our bellies feele the gnawing worme of a plaining ſtomach, and our backe want cloth to couer it: yet is here a lodge of comforte, which by faith wee muſt take poſſeſſion of, euery one, ſaying with father Iob: I am ſure that my redeemer liueth, and that with theſe eies I ſhall ſee him.

Though

Though God ſcourge mee, yet as a father to correct mee, & not as a iudge to condemne me: for I am ſure that my redeemer liueth, & that with theſe eies I ſhall ſee him. Though I do here want bread to quench the crie of hunger, and drinke to coole the heate of my burning ſtomach: though I haue neither cloth to apparell mee: nor friend to comfort me, nor place to lodge in, yet beholde, I am ſure that my redeemer liueth, and that with theſe eies I ſhall ſee him.

If thou be a ſpirituall Lazar, and wanteſt the crums of comfort, if the Diuel lay thine owne ſinnes before thee, to the ende thou maieſt eate with him, the

bread of desperation: yet run to the lodge of comforte, and there sing thou in spight of thy sinnes, of Satan and all his hellish hounds: I am sure that my redeemer liueth, and that with these eies I shall see him.

In this lodge of comfort S. Iohn doeth finger out to thy hungrie soule the foode of life, saying, beholde the lambe of God that hath taken away the sinnes of the world. But what? was this lambe crucified? did he not die? yes, and rose the thirde day a conquerour ouer sinne, death, hell, the diuell and all his angels.

But yet perchance thou wilt not beleeue it: if thou doe not, come hither Thomas, sayeth Christ,

Christ, and thrust in the finger. Dooest thou not beleeue it? then come hither and trie, trie and then truste. This side of Christ is the sole lodge of rest for all spirituall Lazars, that hunger and thirste after their saluation.

Marie Magdalen, that was possessed with so manie diuels: Peter that had once, twise, yea the third time denied his maister Christ: yea the theefe on the crosse by faith leapte into this side of safetie, and lodge of Christ Iesus.

This lodge is his woundes, which hee had on the crosse to heale vs: which woundes alwaies are open, for all straying Thomasses to harbour and to

lodge in. For at what time ſoeuer a ſinner will repent him of his ſinnes, I will blot all his ſins out of my remembrance, ſaith the Lord.

Here is a lodge for al Lazars, that grone in ſpirit. All ſuch as are heauy and laden, and heare and followe that proclamation of Baptiſt, Repent: all that with father Dauid weepe, and learne to wet the couch of their hearts with the teares of their groning ſoules.

This lodge of comfort is open to all, it is denied to none that repent, haue they beene neuer ſo grieuous ſinners.

Beſides theſe two ſortes of Lazars, there are ſome that are rich in temporall bleſſings, and yet

yet very Lazars in grace: couetous men and vſurers, they doe not onely want that they haue, but by euer ſeeking more and more, they drowne their ſeely ſoules in ſinne, and for a lodge of comfort, they harbour in helliſh Aegypt.

Thus was Diues the glutton a Lazar: hee had plentie of all things, and yet hee was not ſo riche in grace as to beſtowe a crum of bread vppon Lazarus: and therefore doeth hee nowe thirſt for a drop of water, and cannot get it, to eaſe the furie of his tormenting toong.

Diues is the ringleader of the dance to all careleſſe rich men that haue departed this life, as couetous wretches, But vnto

them that are yet aliue, although they haue beene a long time disciples of Diues, yet are the woundes of Iesus Christ open to lodge them, against the stormes of a frowning conscience.

Yea, it is open for all sinners, who are Lazars by nature, and want the verie crums of goodnesse: they gape to receiue vs, and they are alwaies fresh and greene. Loe a fountaine of Christs precious and outstreaming bloud, wherein all that repent are washed from their leprosie, and deliuered from the sting of iniquitie for euer.

In the worlde there is nothing but miserie, it is nothing but a kingdome of calamitie: and

and the woundes of Christ are a lodge of all rest, where there is no paine, no sorrow, no vexation, no trouble, but all ioye, euen such ioy as passeth all conceipt, to the which the Lord of his mercy bring vs all, Amen.

# A retrait from *sinne*:

Wherein is sounded, as *with a shrill trumpet in the* eares of al men, what damnable *daungers depend vpon continu*ance in sin, neglect of repentance, *abuse of the acceptable time of grace:* and other excellent meanes daily moving men to the amendment of their sinnefull life: made by the saide

E.H.

COnsidering vvith my selfe the frailetie of man, and the dangerous trappes of Satan, which he hath laid in euerie corner of this vvicked

worlde, to catch vs: his craftie deuiſes which he worketh continuallie to ſnare vs, and the drowſines of man, as careleſſe to auoid them, I thought good to make this baſe retrait from ſinne, that beeing called from ſtraying, we might come vnto the true ſheepefold, and ſo bee ſaued.

And here I might begin with wondering at the churliſh nature of man, who being ſo often called by the voice of God and his deputies, from ſinne: doth yet notwithſtanding wallow therein, like ſwine in filth and mire.

Duſte and aſhes! ſhall the Lord himſelfe crie vppon thee? Sinne not: and wilte thou not heare

heare him? if not ſinning bee thy ſoules ſafetie: wilt thou be ſo vnmindfull of thy ſelfe, as to ſuffer thy gracious Lord to haue the repulſe?

Shall the king command his ſubiect, and bee obeyed: and the king of glorie commaund thee not to ſinne, and not bee obeyed? ſhall the good and truſtie ſubiect be ſo dutifull to the king, who is yet but duſte and aſhes: and wilt thou ſhew thy ſelfe ſo rebellious againſt God, who is the God of comfort, and father of mercie?

O thou drowſie creature! awake, bee wiſe. Conſider if God being wiſedome, doe call thee from ſinne, then is it follie to follow ſinne. If God being

ing the father of mercie, doe call thee from sinne the mother of endlesse misery, then ô wretched creature returne, repent, least for mercie thou doe reape the rewarde of sinne, which is death eternall.

But why should wee by sinning make our selues thrall to so tyrannous a maister as Satan? and despise the call of so louing a Sauiour as Iesus Christ, crying vnto vs, Sinne not.

The seruice of Satan is miserable bondage: the seruice of Iesus Christ is a blessed libertie, it is a freedome, that passeth all freedomes. and so much the rather to bee embraced, as the other is miserable and to be detested: yea, it is with both hands

handes to bee receiued, forso much as our Lorde Iesus Christ in commanding requireth it.

For being bondslaues of Sathan, so vile a varlot, shall the Lord offer vs his seruice, which is perfect libertie, and shall we refuse it, and not rather receiue it? Eue did so much as obey the lying Serpent in paradise, and shal we denie obedience to Iesus Christ? she obeyed to sin, but her obedience wrought her miserie: and shall not we obey the Lorde, that our end may be felicitie?

For how can wee, deserning eternall miserie, be accepted to blisse, if that by disobedience we prouoke to wrath the onely purchaser of mercie? I saie

ſaie therefore, where Chriſt crieth, Sinne not, obey him, and kiſſe the ſonne leaſt hee be angrie: kiſſe him, and obey him; for if he bee but a little angrie, bleſt are all they that put their truſt in him.

But to make this retraite to ſounde more ſhrill in the eares of ſlumbring Adam: looke vpon the damned ſpirit of Diues, hee burneth in hell: but why if not for ſinne? His tongue flameth, neither can hee get a droppe of water to quench it: and why but for ſinne? The fire that hee burneth in is vnquenchable: his dolefull muſicke is gnaſhing of teethe, howlinge, weeping, and great lamentation: his caſe is curſed for euer, and

and why but for sinne?

If Dives had knowne, that the seruice of the Lorde hadde beene perfect libertie, and that obedience to his commandements had beene the pathway to heauen, or that his sinfull life would haue wrought him such a web of wo, or rewarded him with death for his wages in seruing Satan: no doubte hee would haue followed as good counsell, as hee wished by the dead to be reuealed to his brethren: that is, he woulde haue sought grace of the Lord, that he might haue obeyed him in holinesse, and so be saued.

But marke, ô yee liuing, and learne of the dead. Dives was a sinner, hee serued sinne, and the

the old Serpent, but his seruice wrought his woe, euen a woe eternall. Now what a tyrannous maister is that, that so rewardeth his seruant? or what a miserable seruant is that, vvhich reapeth nothing by his seruice but wo?

But O thrise miserable are we! if wee will serue the same maister, whose seruice in Dives wee see to bee a slauishe thraldome, and our wages nothing else but byting miserie. So that, if the Lorde our Sauiour Iesus Christ, by his louing call be not able to recall vs from sinne: yet let the bitter ende of Dives, and the flaming torments of his soule damned for sinne, bee a sufficient retrait vnto

vnto vs. Woe, wo, was due to him for sin, and therefore sinne not.

This Diues was a rich man, God had blessed him with his creatures, and these arguments of his loue cryed vppon him, Come home by repentance, & to holinesse in conuersation: he notwithstanding neglected, & still continued a seruant of sin, for the which his seruice, hee doth now lament in hellish torments, and so shal doe for euer. He shall alwaies howle, weepe and waile, in paine without ease, in sorrowe without comforte, in griefe without reliefe, and that for euer.

But O miserable Diues! why didst thou not repente and re-

turne

turne from sinne, at the retrait of so many and so great benefits of the Lord? why didst thou not playe the good steward of thy riches, in bestowing something vppon needie Lazarus? why wait thou more vngentle and vnnaturall than the verie dogges, that licked his sores? where was charitie? surelie it was frozen, it was dead: noe better etuidence than thyne owne confession, which thou makest amiddest thine endlesse torments, crying out and saying:

My life was sinfull, mine obedience was to Satan, my paradise was the wicked worlde, I neglected the retrait of so manie benefits from sin, and therefore

fore I lie in paine, and so shall doe, till I haue paide the vtmost farthing, and that is euer.

Come hither now ye liuing, consider in time and bee wise. Diues was a sinner, and so are you: Diues neglecting the retrait from sinne, and puttinge off from daie to daie, was at lengthe vppon a sudden thrust downe into hell: and surely, if you doe not in time repent, but followe his pathes, then as his ende was tormentes, so shall yours bee. For God is no accepter of persons.

Therefore, ô ye liuing, consider & be wise: and if you haue begun the race of Diues, repent, returne, awake, least Satan take you napping, and the Lord

Lord in his iust iudgement suffer him to take your soules from you, and so rob you of all ioye for euer.

If Dives had known the tyrannie of Satan, or the wages of his seruice, or the dangerous extremities of carnall securitie: no doubt he would haue awaked from sinne, and bin as wise before hand to haue prouided for himselfe, as he was too late for his brethren.

And shall we, knowing the danger of deferring to repent, and the vilany of sinne, not prouide before hand against such a dangerous tempest, as Dives abode, and walke wisely: but incur the danger of extremitie by sleeping in carnall securitie, and

and perilous seruice of sinne?

O ye sonnes of men, be wise and repent, returne from your wicked waies, giue the old serpent the slip, forsake your olde maister sinne, bid adiew to all iniquitie, if you will not swim in the tormentorie seas of hell with Dives.

Besides this bitter retrayte from sinne, there be other trumpeters of Gods iust iudgments which oughte continuallie to mooue, and effectually to perswade vs to forsake the seruice of sinne and Satan. The whole world did serue Satan, because it ouerflowed with sinne, therfore beholde, it ouerstreamed with water, and all the worlde was drowned.

Here,

Here, if it pleate all sinners to put on the spectacles of discretion, they may see what it is to serue sinne, and what to neglect the Lordes retraite from iniquitie. The whole worlde hauing forsaken the Lord God, wente a whooring after Satan, and married it selfe to sinne, renouncing innocencie of life, to follow vice; but lo the ende: when Satan by sinne had gotten such a maysterie, and by reason of iniquitie was become a prince of this world, beholde the end of all his practises: the ruine and destruction of the world.

And surely this was the iudgment of the Lorde, to destroye them wholy, that had neglected

red to heare his voice in the day of viſitation: and this iudgment is bent againſt al thoſe that continue in ſinne and will not repent.

Indeed the Lord hath made a couenant, and thereof he hath giuen vs a certaine ſacrament and earneſt penie, that he for ſinne will neuer drowne the world againe: but yet the couenant may breed in vs no ſecuritie, but ratherit is a retrait from ſinne, forſomuch as it is a couenant betweene the Lord and vs, betweene whome no couenant can continue for euer, vnleſſe wee returne from ſinne.

For although hee hath promiſed not to deſtroy the world againe

againe for sinne, and this promise shall bee performed, not because we deserue it, but because hee hath promised: yet vnlesse we repent, *Omnes similiter peribimus*. We shall alikewise perish. He will drowne vs in wo for euer.

This flood of torments, and hellish lake, wherein the damned doe wallowe, and wade in vnspeakeable paine: this floud doth passe the other, and vnles we repent, and by heartie repentaunce leape into Noahs arke, and so into the bosome of mother Sion, there is no saluation for vs.

Let vs therefore repent, and lament our sinnes, and close our selues in the readie arke of Moses

Moſes, leaſt being at the brinke of death, the waters of hel ouerſwallow vs.

But to come from the whole world to the part: beholde Sodom and Gomorrha, the two ſtewes of Satan, wherein hee dailye committed fornication with the ſonnes of men. Thoſe two, Sodom and Gomorrha, were as wanton damſels of this world, giuen to all lewdnes and luſt, they danced after ſin, howſoeuer Satan piped.

They had renounced al godly chaſtitie, and to marrie the olde ſerpent they had broken their obedience vnto the Lord. But beholde, thoſe two wilde cities were tamed, deſtroied: yea burnt with fire and brim-

stone.

Now, O ye children of men, come and see the terrible sight of these two cities burning and consuming with fire: repent and lament your owne liues, that you are not behinde Sodom and Gomor in wickednesse, but like miserable wretches, haue pledged them in the cup of spiritual fornication with sin and Satan.

Let this fire and brimstone, like terrible Trumpetters of Gods iust iudgementes, sound so shrill in your eares, as to awake you from sleeping anie longer in sinne, least a woorse thing than this doo happen vnto you: yea, whensoeuer you see water, fire, and brimstone, thinke

thinke vpon the iudgements of God against sin, and sin not.

Consider that Sodom and Gomor were destroied for sin, and that God, when it pleaseth him, maie execute his iudgement vppon thee, whosoeuer thou be, vnles thou repent: and therefore returne from sin, and sin not.

Consider, that where all creatures were made for mans vse: yet the Lorde in his wrath against sinne, doth vse them as twordes of vengeance, to cutte him off.

And therefore, if we will not onelie haue the Lorde, but also his creatures to profit vs, so that wee maie vse them to the end they were created, then

where not onely the Lord himselfe, but also all his creatures doe crie vpon vs, Repent and sinne not: it standeth vs vppon to amende our faultes, to reforme our liues, and to frame our selues to all good workes, which God hath prepared for vs, that vvee shoulde walke therein.

But, ô the lamentable case of Iesus Christ! ô the vnspeakeable churlishnesse of man! for if the churlishnesse of one wicked citie Ierusalem, did wring teares out of the glorious eies of our Sauiour Iesus Christ, and made him to sigh and sob, because shee had dealt so vncurteously with him, so prepostorously with her selfe, as to stone his

his Prophets, to refuſe his clocking, and to ſerue Satan, and ſo to worke her owne deſtruction: then what yeere, what daie, what houre: naie, what moment doe wee not all make our Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt, beholding our iniquities, to weepe and to ſob, ſith that our ſinnes almoſt doe paſſe in number the ſands of the ſea, and hayres of our heads?

Yea, ô the churliſhneſſe of man! yet by ſinne ſo to grieue our Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt, from the which to redeeme vs it coſt him bloudie teares, euen the effuſion of his moſte precious bloud. But is it not a miſerable folly in man, by ſuch churliſh dealing to offend our Lord Ie-

sus Christ, who shall come to iudge the quick and the dead.

Ye swearers, ye cursers and railers, ye vsurers, theeues, and murtherers, yee Epicures, Papists, and carnall gospellers, all ye sinners that lie in sinne, that know sinne, and yet forsake it not, with what face will you present your selues before this heauenly Iudge, out of whome you haue wroong so many sobs, as you haue committed sins in your life?

If you haue vsed him so vnthankefully, and wrought him such griefe: how can you looke but for griefe for your reward? But, O the mercie of the Lord! that yet crieth, Come vnto me all ye that labour, and are heauie

uie laden, and I will refreshe you. Behold, notwithstanding your infinite offences, notwithstanding your infinite sinnes: yet, if you will acknowledge them, and be heartily sorie for them, that in committing them, you haue greeued the Spirite of Iesus Christ, he is readie to receiue you; yea, and as one thirsting to receiue you into fauour againe, he calleth vnto you Come: promising, that notwithstanding you bee laden and clogged with sinne, that yet he will ease you, if you will come vnto him. This is a comfortable retrait, grounded vpon the promise of Iesu Christ, that if we will come vnto him, he wil refresh vs.

Now what is Iesus Christe? and what are we? wee are sinners, and therefore our due is death: but Iesus Christ is a Sauiour: yea, saluation and life it selfe: and therefore to goe to him, and to leaue sinne, is to passe from death to life, from sorrow of conscience to peace: yea, such a peace as passeth all vnderstanding.

Yea, Iesus Christ is truth, and therefore if wee will sinne no more, but in a contrite spirite repaire vnto him, then will hee receiue vs: hee will refresh vs with the deintie comfort of his holy spirite, and at length receiue vs into ioy, therein to liue with him for euer.

Therefore, if we haue stopped

ped our eares at so manie retraits founded against sin: yet let this one comfortable speech vttered by our Sauiour Christ, serue in steede of manye, Come: but if this retrait of Iesus Christ bee not able to call thee effectually to repentance, then turne thine eies to his crosse, and seeing the villanie of sinne thy maister, and Satan the subtill Serpent, repent and amend.

Behold the Iambe of God, he that came in the similitude of sinfull flesh, to saue thee by his death. Behold how the diuell hath handled him, behold howe his helhoundes haue intreated him, and all for sinne. Beholde his holy body racked,

behold his holy feete and hands rent with nailes, his head crowned with thornes, his precious side lanced with a speare. Behold his precious bloud dropping, yea outstreaming: Beholde howe the onely beloued Sonne of God, our louing and blessed Sauiour, lo how tyrannously the Ministers of Satan haue vsed him.

But why are his holy armes outstretched? why dooth his holy head bow it selfe downe? why are his feete and hands so torne with nailes? why dooth his precious bloud spinne out? why is this holy Lambe of God so piteously slaughtered vppon the tree?

Surely, O man, thou thy selfe hast

haſt miniſtred the cauſe, and thy ſinnes haue wrought this crueltie vppon this innocent Lambe Ieſus Chriſt: ſo that, if thou either loue Ieſus Chriſt, whome thy ſinnes haue torne ſo cruelly, or tender thine own caſe, for whome he died ſo mercifully, beyond thy merit: ſin no more, but repent, repent, repent, and defie the diuell, and all his tyrannie.

Yea, and ſith his head, his armes, his hands, his feete, his ſide, and precious bloud doo ſo clearely ſhewe the tyrannie of ſinne: deteſt, abhor, and auoid it. And whereas his thornie crowne, that tore his head: and the nailes, that rent his handes and feete: and the ſpeare, that pearſed

pearled his glorious ſide: doe all crie out vpon vs, that wee haue ſo rent and torne by our ſinnes Ieſus Chriſt our bleſſed ſauiour, let vs for ſhame be aſhamed of our villanie.

Let vs lament, and repent our iniquities, leaſt that the verie thornie crowne of his head, the very nailes that faſtened him to the tree, and the ſpeare that pearſed his ſide, doe teſtifie a iuſt condemnation againſt vs, that wee did ſo vnthankefully vſe them to deſtroy the ſonne of God, and yet doe commit ſin, to our power ſeeking to ſlaye him againe.

O yee Butchers! conſider this innocent Lambe, how he bleedeth, and ſheddeth his pre-

precious bloud, to cleanſe you from ſinne, and ſo to ſaue you from Satan: drinke vp in faith the droppings of his bloud, and moiſten your ſoules therewith: eate him and chewe him: for hee is the bread of life, which whoſoeuer eateth, he ſhall neuer hunger any more.

Bid war to olde Adam, proclaime battell againſt the ſubtile ſerpent, and fight like good ſouldiers of Chriſt crucified, againſt ſinne: that death and hel being put to the foyle, by the ſtrength of your valiaunt capitaine, ye may at length be regiſtred among the bleſſed Saints of God for euer.

But if all this will not mooue thee, ô fooliſh creature, to repentance:

pentance: neither the miserable seruice of Satan, nor the horrible end of sinne, nor the Maiestie or mercie of Iesus Christ, nor the villanie that sin wrought vnto him, which all ought to be forcible motiues, and sufficient retentiues from sinne: yet consider a while the condition of sinners, which of al other is most miserable.

For first, they are Gods enimies, euen such rebellious enimies, as with open armes in Satans quarrell, vnder corrupt nature, as their soueraigne, resist Gods gouernment: which thing, O sinfull man, is of all other most horrible, to be Gods enimy, to be at war with God, to be hated of the most mighty,

tie, puissant and omnipotent Lord of hosts.

Neither doo sinners, by warring against the honour of God vnder sinne and Satan, onely purchase the anger and hatred of God vppon their heads: but also they greeue the Courtiers of Ierusalem, which is aboue, and put the Angels and Saints of God to great greefe and sorrow.

For if that they reioice at the conuersion of a sinner, and be gladde when the lost groate is found, and the straying sheepe brought to the sheepfold: then what greefe, what sorrow, what heauinesse doo sinners purchase vnto them, when beeing lost, they will not be found: and being

ing straying sheepe, they will not bee brought to the sheepe-fold of grace againe.

And heere it may please all sinners to consider, that as repenting wee gladden the Angels and Saintes of God, and make the diuell to repine and grieue: so, when wee commit sinne, and decline from the right line of righteousnes, then doe we keepe wakes for the diuell, then doeth he hop for ioy, when we defraud the good Angels of God of their ioy.

-These irreuocable sinners, these the Lorde doeth hate, as vtter enemies: yea, rotten and stinking carion is more sweete before men, than is such a soule before God and his Angels.

And

And therefore let all ſuch repent, not onely becauſe they are iniurious to God, and offenſiue to the good: but alſo becauſe they are ſtinking creatures and ſuch as the Lord neither may nor will abide, vnleſſe they returne vnto him in ſackcloth and aſhes: and therefore repent and amend.

Secondly, thoſe ſinners that ſtop their eares againſt the retrait of theſe motiues, let them conſider their wonderous follie. For ſinne is the dung of the old ſerpent, and he that ſinneth for the vileſt thing that is, forſaketh the moſt precious iewel in heauen and earth.

For what doeth mans ſoule loſe by ſinne? from whom departeth

parteth she? from whom doth shee separate her selfe? euen from God her maker, her redeemer and Sauiour: yea when she sinneth she forsaketh saluation, and her owne safetie, shee runneth into the stinking lap of the diuell, her desperate aduersary, and hasteneth hirselfe vnto hell.

Yea, by sinne the kingdome of the diuell is inlarged: for he that committeth sinne is the seruant of sinne. And what if I say that sinne maketh man like to Satan? for whatsoeuer deformitie or filth is in the diuell, that is by sinne: of the which if the Diuell might bee freed, he were a noble and excellent creature. Euen so the soule

ſoule of man, by ſin is made filthie and deformed like the diuel. And what an iniurie is this to God, that by ſin, of his owne image, we ſhould make the image of the diuell?

Repent therefore, and conſider thirdlie, that it gladdeneth the diuell to ſee vs ſinne, becauſe thereby we become his dwelling houſe. Now, how curſed a thing is ſinne, which maketh the Temple of God the temple of Satan? what follie: nay, what madnes is it to lodge the diuell in our heartes, and to driue Chriſt and his holy ſpirit out of doores?

VVhy ſhould man deale ſo vnthankefullie with him, that being God, came from the top of

of the heauens to this valley of miserie, to take mans flesh vpon him, that hee might bee his Iesus? or why should we sinne, and by continuall sinning, bid adiew to the spirit of holinesse, and harbour Satan in our harts? shall he, by whom all creatures were made glorious, by sinne be banished far from vs? and he, by whom all creatures were deformed, bee wholly lodged within vs?

But tell me, ô man, Christ is saluation, life, ioy, loue, and all in all: the diuell is the father of death, a murderer, a manslaier, a tyrant, a prince of darkenesse, the worker of woe. Now answere, doest thou like better of death, than of life: of paine, than

than of ioye: of hatred, than loue: of damnation, than ſaluation: and of hell, than of heauen? if thou do, then ſhalt thou depart curſed into the euerlaſting fire. But if thou doe prefer Ieſus Chriſt, with his ineſtimable bleſſings, before Satan: then why doeſt thou wallowe in ſinne, which is the only way to preferre Satan in this world, and to eſtabliſh his kingdome of darkeneſſe?

Wherefore, ô miſerable man repent and amende: conſider, that Ieſus Chriſt, like an euangelicall henne, neuer ceaſeth clocking to gather thee vnder his winges like a chicken: let him not clocke & call in vaine, neither be thou like vnto them that

that stoppe their eares against the charmer, charme he neuer so wisely.

Consider that God created thee wholie to serue him, with all thy hart, soule, strength, and power: remember that thou at Baptisme diddest vowe and sweare obedience to his name: remember that before GOD, and all the bande of the holie Angels and Saintes, thou didst renounce Satan, and all his works: and repent, vnles thou wilt haue God and all his heauenly Citizens, at the daie of reuelation, to giue sentence of condemnation against thy periurie.

And why, O miserable man! shouldest thou breake thy faith giuen

giuen to God in Baptisme? it is not an oath to bee repented. For the seruice of the Lorde is onelie mans safetie, as the seruice of Satan is the onely cause of mans miserie.

The gailor that held vs in a slauish and spirituall Aegypt, was not Pharao, but the diuell, and that for sinne: and therefore, if we couet to inhabite the land of promise, and to liue in libertie, free from calamitie, it standeth vs vppon to returne vnto the Lorde, who is onely able, by his outstretched arme to saue and defend vs, from the miserable seruitude of so tyrannous a ruler.

Againe, all the spirits in hell may curse the filthy bondage of

of sinne, by seruice whereof they are in torments, and shall continue in paines vnspeakable for euermore. The Saints and holy ones of God are in blisse, in ioy: yea in such ioy, as neither eie hath seene, nor eare heard, nor heart euer conceiued. And why? euen becauſe they repented, forsooke sinne, and did the will of God in heauen. For they onely haue entred, and shal enter into the kingdome of heauen, that do the will of our heauenly father.

Therefore, sith his will, is our sanctification, innocencie of life, puritie in conuersation, vprightnes of heart, abstinence from the lustes of the flesh. if that wee hope to enioye the ioies

ioies of heauen, and to escape the paines of hell, let vs shew our selues repentaunt from hencefoorth, dooing good, and eschewing euill, by all meanes possible.

Considering withall, that as it is the most miserable thing in the world, to be like the diuell: so it is the most blessed estate, to be like Iesus Christ, to the which we are thus exhorted: Be ye holy, as I am holy. And surely, how shall we hope, as members to liue with Iesus Christ our head in heauen, if that by abstaining from sinne, we conforme not our selues vnto him, whome no man was able to rebuke of sinne?

And therefore here I cite all sortes of men to consider of their estate, to remember those dangerous daies, to beware of the craftie conueiances of Satan, and to followe the good shepheard Iesus Christ, who goeth before his sheepe, and whom we ought to follow, if we be, or wish to be numbred among his sheepe.

Giue a farewell to the old man, depart from corrupt Adam, serue sinne and Satan no more: but endeuour, as far as the frailtie of the flesh will suffer you, to serue Iesus Christ, that in the end of this world, we may be set vppon his right hand as sheepe, who in the time of our pilgrimage, did giue

giue eare vnto his voice, conforming our selues vnto his steps as neere as we could.

Let not the loue of riches, the desire of any worldly promotion, or anie thing vnder the Sunne, be it neuer so glorious, since the Preacher cryeth out and saith that all is vanitie, blind the eies of your vnderstandings, withdraw your affections, or restrain and pul back your harts from thinking vpon the torments in hell, or the triumphes in heauen: the one appointed as punishments for wickednes and iniquitie, the other assigned as rewards for righteousnes and innocencie.

The Lord of his mercie so moisten our harts, that all hard-

nes being taken away, we may with most willing consents ioin hands with Iesus Christ our captain, against Satan, sin, the flesh and the world: which enimies do bitterly, and also continually war against vs, and far exceed our strength to resist them, vnles that we forsake them, and shrowd our selues vnder Iesus Christ, to whome be all glorie, both nowe and for euer, Amen.

# A Prayer vnto Almightie God, wherein we beſeech his Diuine Maieſtie, ſo to bleſſe vs with his grace, that the vſe of the Prayers contained in this Booke, and the wholeſome leſſons compriſed in the ſame may take Chriſtian effect in vs, to our great comfort at all aſſaies, and ſpecially in time of neceſſitie.

Made by A. F.

O Father of endles mercy, the fountaine and welſpring of all perfect happines, the giuer of grace, the beſtower of true

bleſſednes & felicity: heare vs, O heare vs for thy bottomles compaſsion ſake, & grant vnto vs, we humbly beſeech thee, whatſoeuer wanteth in vs towards the accompliſhment of our calling and dutie.

And becauſe thy holy word the trumpet of truth, & treaſure of great riches, hath in expreſſe ſpeech threatened manie ſtripes to that negligent ſeruant which knoweth thy will, and yet doth it not: vouchſafe vs, and as manie of vs as are inſtructed & taught, & thereby perceiue & vnder-

derſtand thy heauēly plea-
ſure, endeuouring to walk
thereafter, may auoid that
penaltye of negligence,
wihch is denoūced againſt
the idle ſeruant: thy grace
preuenting vs in all our ac-
tions and intents.

We cannot denie, but
that the ſaying of thy wel-
beloued ſon, the ſubſtance
of truth, and liuely Image
of thine owne Maieſtie is
vndoubted, certaine, and
infallible: namely, that not
euery one which cryeth,
Lord Lord, ſhal enter into
the Kingdome of heauen:
but he which fulfilleth thy

wil: & forſaking the world, and all worldly pompe, betaketh himſelfe wholy vnto the ſeruice of thee, and ſubmitteth himſelf a ſcholler in thy ſchoole; where learning ſound & ſubſtantial knowledge, he may be the more in loue with the riches of thy kingdome, and bid all earthly vanities auant.

Now moſt mercifull father, for that the helps to holines of life are infinite: ſome, and thoſe ſingular, conſiſting in thy Goſpell preached: ſome, and thoſe notable, in ſinceritie of con-

conuerſation, and exam-
ples of godlines expreſſed:
ſome, and thoſe ſpeciall, in
exhortations tending vn-
to Chriſtianitie declared:
ſome, and thoſe heauenly,
in prayers and ſupplicati-
ons contained: maie it
pleaſe thee, of thine vn-
ſpeakable goodnes, O mer
cifull Father, to giue vs
grace ſo to imprint them
in our memories, and to
haue them ſealed in our
hearts; that the courſe of
our whole life maie teſtifie
to the world, that thy gifts
in vs are not voide and fru-
ſtrate, barren and fruitles,

vaine and vnuſed. Leaſt being otherwiſe, it chance vnto vs, as vnto him that knitting vp his talent in a napkin, & hiding the ſame in the ground, had not only the ſame taken frō him, but was alſo caſt into vtter darknes for his idlenes and vnprofitable ſeruice.

Among al which helps O eternall God, & faithfull ouerſeer of our ſoules, for that this, which we haue in hand, is not of leaſt account, ſince thereout we ſuck the ſweet ſap of comfort, the aſſiſtance of thy Spirit being preſent with

vs:

vs: we beſeech thee with al ſubmiſſion, to direct our vnderſtādings, to increaſe our faith, to confirme our hope, to kindle our zeale, to guide all our affections, and to gouerne the whole courſe of our life: that exerciſing our ſelues in this, or anie other godly volume, publiſhed for the edification of thy Church, we may vſe it and them with integritie & vprightnes of iudgement, with deuotion void of hypocriſie, with faithfull inuocation, with humilitie and ſubmiſſion: that inuring our ſelues

to

to prayer vntainedly, we may obtaine that which we pray for effectually, and for the same ministred vnto vs in time of necessitie, with hart and voice extoll thy most dredfull maiesty: to whome be all honour, glorie, power and dominion euerlastingly: To this let all people saie, Amen, most ioyfully: Amen.

*FINIS.*

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*Glorie to God:*
AMEN.

*FINIS.*

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